

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

ADAPTED AND ABRIDGED

BY

G. C. MARTIN, M.A.



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INTRODUCTION

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-70) is one of the greatest and most popular of English novelists. He was immensely popular during his life-time and his popularity has persisted.

He had a hard boyhood. For a time he worked in a shoe-blackening factory. While still a child, he saw and experienced the harshness of life. He never forgot this side of life even after he became popular and secure.

Dickens learned shorthand and became a reporter. But he soon began writing independently and achieved almost at once an amazing success. *Pickwick Papers*, which made his name, was written in his middle twenties. After that, he gave himself to the writing of novels, and book after book came from his pen. Among his novels, *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *David Copperfield*, *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Great Expectations* are favourites. All these, as well as *Pickwick Papers*, have been filmed. In his novels, Dickens vigorously attacked social evils and abuses.

Great Expectations is one of his best novels. It is a mystery story. It is melodramatic, but successfully so. It is weird and thrilling. There is plenty of variety in it, and its characters, some of them very strange, and its scenes, some of them very tense, live in the memory.

In this shortened and simplified version of the novel some strands have been omitted without taking away from the general impression. To a great extent, the original language of the author has been kept.

*The Madras Christian College,
Tambaram,
1st December, 1957*

GAVIN C. MARTIN



PIP IS CONFRONTED BY THE FEARFUL STRANGER

CHAPTER 1

My father's family name was Pirrip, and my Christian name was Philip. When I began to speak, I could not manage to say these two names, but produced from them the sound Pip. So I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

My parents had died when I was so young that I could not remember them. I was brought up by my sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, who had married the local blacksmith. I lived with them in their house, which was in the marsh country near the river Thames, where it wound towards the sea.

Sometimes I used to visit the churchyard where were the graves of my father and mother. One cold, bleak evening, which happened to be Christmas Eve, I was on one of my visits to the churchyard. It was coming near sunset. I felt lonely and afraid, and I began to cry. Suddenly, I was startled to hear a terrible voice shouting in the silence of the desolate place.

'Hold your noise!' it cried, as a man jumped up from among the gravestones. 'Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!'

He was a fearful man, dressed all in coarse grey clothes, with a great iron chain fastened to one of his legs. He was a man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. He limped, and shivered, and glared and his teeth chattered in his head, as he seized me by the chin.

'Oh! don't cut my throat, sir.' I pleaded in terror. 'Please don't do it, sir.'

soavenously = greedily

‘Tell me your name!’ said the man. ‘Quick!’

‘Pip, sit.’

‘Once more,’ said the man, staring at me.

‘Speak up clearly.’

‘Pip. Pip, sir.’

‘Show me where you live,’ said the man, still staring hard at me. ‘Point out the place.’

I pointed to where our village lay among a clump of trees, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When I came to myself again, I found that he had perched me on a high tombstone, where I sat trembling while he ate the bread ravenously. *intensely*

‘You, young dog,’ said the man, licking his lips, ‘what fat cheeks you have. Blast me, if I couldn’t eat them, and if I haven’t half a mind to!’

I said very earnestly that I hoped he wouldn’t, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me.

‘Now, look here, you!’ said the man. ‘Where’s your mother?’

‘There, sir,’ said I, pointing to my mother’s grave, which was near at hand.

The man started, made a short run, then stopped and looked fearfully over his shoulder.

‘There, sir!’ said I, pointing again. ‘That’s her grave. That’s my mother.’

‘Oh!’ he said, coming back. ‘And is your father’s grave beside your mother’s?’

‘Yes, sir. That’s my father.’

‘Ah!’ he muttered, thinking to himself... ‘Who do you live with, then?’

‘With my sister, sir,—Mrs. Joe Gargery, wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir.’

‘Blacksmith, eh?’ he said. And he looked down at his leg with the iron chain on it.

After looking at his leg and then at me several times, he came closer to me, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me, so that his eyes stared terribly down into mine, and mine looked helplessly up into his.

‘Now, look here,’ he said. ‘It’s really a question of whether you’re going to be allowed to live. You know what a file is?’ *a metal instrument*

‘Yes, sir.’ *with sharp edged furrows.*

‘And you know what victuals are?’ *food, & provisions*

‘Yes, sir.’ *Provisions*

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

‘You get me a file.’ He tilted me. ‘And you get me victuals.’ He tilted me again. ‘You bring them both to me.’ He tilted me again. ‘Or I’ll have your heart and liver out.’ He tilted me once more.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, ‘If you would please let me stay upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn’t feel so sick, and perhaps I could attend more to what you are saying.’

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll. Then, he held me by the arms in an upright position on the top of the stone, and said these fearful words:

‘You bring me early tomorrow morning that file and those victuals. You bring the lot to me at that old Battery over yonder. You do it, and

Narragansett

never dare to say a word or make a sign to anyone about your having seen me, and you shall be allowed to live. If you don't obey me, then you won't.

Trembling, I said that I would get him the file and I would get him what bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery early in the morning.

'Now,' he went on, 'you remember what you've undertaken, and you go home.'

'Goo-good-night, sir,' I faltered.

I was terribly frightened and ran home without stopping.

CHAPTER 2

My sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, was more than twenty years older than I was. She had made a great name for herself because, as she was fond of saying on all occasions, she had brought me up 'by hand'. This was true enough, for she had often laid her hand on me very heavily during the process of bringing me up!

My sister was not a pleasant-looking woman. She had black hair and black eyes, and a very red, bad-tempered face. She was tall and bony. Her husband Joe, on the other hand, was a fair-haired man with light blue eyes. Unlike his wife, he was mild, kind, sweet-tempered, easy-going—a dear, foolish sort of fellow, very strong in body and simple and gentle by nature. The idea was that in due course, when I was older, I was to become Joe's apprentice as a blacksmith.

Joe's forge, where he worked, adjoined our house. When I ran home after my terrible meeting

to learn a craft practically

with the strange man, the forge was shut for the day, and Joe was sitting alone in the kitchen.

‘Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times looking for you, Pip,’ he said, as I made my appearance. ‘And she’s out again, at this very moment.’

‘Is she?’

‘Yes, Pip,’ said, Joe, ‘and, what’s worse, she’s got Tickler with her.’

This was unhappy news. Tickler was a piece of cane which had often come into collision with my small body.

‘She sat down,’ continued Joe, ‘and she got up, and she made a grab at Tickler, and she rampaged out.’ 161

He looked at me solemnly for sometime, and I gazed back at him. *grave; serious earnestness*

‘Well,’ said Joe, looking at the clock, ‘she’s been on the rampage, this last time, about five minutes.’ He paused, then in a whisper, ‘Pip, she’s coming! Quick, get behind the door, old chap.’

I took his advice. But my sister, throwing open the door, discovered my whereabouts at once, and applied Tickler to me vigorously.

‘Where have you been, you young monkey?’ demanded Mrs. Joe, stamping her foot. ‘Tell me directly what you’ve been doing to wear me away with fret and fright and worry!’

‘I’ve only been to the churchyard,’ I said, crying and rubbing myself.

‘Churchyard!’ repeated my sister. ‘If it weren’t for me, you’d have been dead long ago and taken to the churchyard, and you’d have stayed there! Who brought you up by hand?’

‘You did,’ said I meekly.

'And why did I do it, I'd like to know?' exclaimed my sister.

'I don't know,' I whimpered.

'I certainly don't,' retorted she, 'I'd never do it again!'

Tea was soon ready and we sat down to the meal. But though I was hungry, I dared not eat the thick slice of bread and butter my sister gave me. I felt that I must keep it for my dreadful acquaintance. So I resolved to hide it and give it to him when I met him again. I took advantage of a moment when I thought I was unobserved to hide the thick piece of bread and butter.

I felt most unhappy with my guilty secret, and the knowledge that I must soon commit a theft in order to save my own life. While I was thinking of my unhappy lot, I suddenly heard a deep distant sound of guns being fired, as it seemed.

'Hark!' I said, 'Was that great guns, Joe?'

'Ah!' said Joe. 'That's another convict off.'

'What does that mean, Joe?' I asked.

'Escaped. Escaped,' interrupted Mrs. Joe irritably, before he could reply.

'There was a convict off last night,' said Joe, 'after sunset-gun. And they fired warning of him. And now it appears they're firing warning of another.'

'Who's firing?' said I.

'Drat that boy!' exclaimed my sister, frowning at me over her sewing. 'What a questioner he is! Ask no questions, and you'll be told no lies.'

At this point, Joe greatly increased my curiosity by opening his mouth very wide and making to me the shape of a word, which seemed to me to be

to express vexation

‘sulks’. But I could make no sense of it.

Finally, I said in desperation, ‘Mrs. Joe, I should like to know, if you wouldn’t much mind, where the firing comes from.’

‘Lord bless the boy!’ exclaimed my sister. ‘From the Hulks!’

‘Oh-h!’ said I, looking at Joe. ‘Hulks?’

I paused for a little. Then, ‘And please what’s Hulks?’ I asked timidly.

‘That’s the way with this boy,’ exclaimed my sister pointing at me with her needle, and shaking her head at me. ‘Answer him one question, and he’ll ask you a dozen directly. Hulks are prison-ships, right across the marshes.’

‘I wonder, who’s put in prison-ships, and why they’re put there?’ I asked in a general way, as if putting the question to no one in particular.

This was too much for Mrs. Joe, who rose at once from her seat. ‘I tell you what, young man,’ said she. ‘I didn’t bring you up by hand to badger people’s lives out. Men are put in the Hulks because they murder, and because they rob, and forge names, and do all sorts of bad things; and they always begin by asking questions. Now, you get along to bed!’

That night I was too afraid to be able to sleep, for I knew that at the first faint dawn of day (Christmas Day it would be), I must rob my sister’s pantry. As soon as the sky became grey, I got up and went downstairs. I crept into the pantry, opened the cupboard where the food was stored, and gathered together what I could find, mostly scraps and fragments, but I also took from the top shelf a fine round pork pie. It was covered

missed a fine round pork pie

with a dish, which I carefully replaced. I hoped that it was not meant for immediate use and that it would not be missed for a long time. Then, with my booty wrapped in a cloth, I slipped through the door which led from the kitchen into Joe's forge. From among his tools I selected a file. Then I softly opened the front door, shut it carefully behind me, and ran for the marshes.

CHAPTER 3

It was a wet, misty morning. I began to run through the mist in the direction of the old Battery, where I had been told to meet the strange man who had frightened me so much in the churchyard. As I ran, I tightly clutched to me the file and the bundle of food that I had collected. I had just crossed a ditch which I knew to be near the Battery, when suddenly I saw my man, sitting before me. His back was to me; his arms were folded and he was nodding forward, heavy with sleep. I thought he would be better pleased if I came upon him with his breakfast unexpectedly, so I crept forward gently and touched him on the shoulder. He at once jumped up. It was not the same man, but another man! And yet this man was dressed in coarse grey too, and had a great iron chain on his leg, and was lame, and was everything that the other man was; except that he had not the same face. And his face was badly bruised. All this I saw in a moment, for I had only a moment to see it in. He swore an oath, struck a blow at me and then he ran into the mist, and I lost him.

I was soon at the Battery after that, and there was the right man waiting for me. I opened the

bundle of food and emptied my pockets.

He devoured the food like some ravenous animal. Some real or fancied sound now gave him a start, and he said suddenly:

‘You’re not a deceiving imp? You brought no one with you?’

‘No, Sir! No!’

‘And you didn’t tell anyone to follow you?’

‘No!’

‘Well,’ said he, ‘I believe you.’

‘I’m afraid the other man dressed like you is very hungry too,’ said I timidly.

‘What other man?’ said my strange acquaintance, stopping munching.

‘The one I saw,’ said I, pointing; ‘over there, where I found him nodding asleep and thought it was you.’

He held me by the collar and stared at me.

‘Dressed like you, you know, only with a hat,’ I explained, trembling, ‘and—and—with the same reason for wanting to borrow at file. Didn’t you hear the cannon last night?’

‘Then there was firing?’ he said to himself. ‘But this man, did you notice anything more about him?’

‘He had badly bruised face.’

‘Not here?’ exclaimed the man, striking his left cheek with the flat on his hand.

‘Yes, there.’

‘Where is he?’ He crammed what little food was left into the breast of his grey jacket. ‘Show me the way he went. I’ll pull him down like a greyhound. Curse this iron on my sore leg! Give me hold of the file, boy.’

He began filing at his iron, like a madman, not minding me or minding his own leg, which had a hurt on it, but which he handled as roughly as if it had no more feeling than the file. I told him that I must go, but he took no notice, so I thought the best thing I could do was to slip away quietly.

When I got home, I fully expected to find a policeman waiting ready to arrest me. But there was no policeman, and no discovery had been made of the robbery. It was Christmas morning, and Mrs. Joe was tremendously busy preparing for the festivities of the day. Joe and I were to go together to church for the Christmas Service, but Mrs. Joe was so occupied with her preparations that she could not go. There was to be a splendid Christmas dinner. To it a few friends had been invited, including a certain Mr. Pumblechook, an uncle of Joe's, who was a grain merchant in the neighbouring town. The time fixed for Christmas dinner was half-past one. When Joe and I got home from church, we found the table laid, and Mrs. Joe already dressed for the occasion, the dinner preparing, and everything most splendid. And still not a word of the theft.

At last the guests began to arrive. It was my duty to open the door to them. Uncle Pumblechook was the last to arrive. He was a large, hard-breathing, middle-aged, slow man, with a mouth like a fish, dull, staring eyes and sandy hair standing upright on his head.

At table, the other members of the company would not leave me to enjoy myself in peace. It began when another of the guests, called Mr. Wopsle, having been asked to say grace, ended his

gratec with the very fitting aspiration that we might be truly grateful. Here my sister fixed me with her eye and said in a low reproachful voice, 'Do you hear that? Be grateful!'

'Especially,' said Mr. Pumblechook, 'be grateful, boy, to those who have brought you up by hand.' And so it went on for sometime.

At last, the seemingly endless meal began to draw near its close. My theft remained still undetected. Then my sister said to Joe, 'Clean plates—cold.' I saw what was coming—she meant to serve the pork pie, and I left sure that this time I was lost.

'You must taste,' said my sister in her most gracious manner to her guests, 'you must really taste, just to finish with, such a delightful and delicious present given us by Uncle Pumblechook!'

Must they? Let them not hope to taste it!

'You must know,' said my sister rising, 'it's a pie, a savoury pork pie.'

She went out to get it. I heard her steps going towards the pantry. I felt that I could bear on more. I let go of the leg of the table which I had been gripping tightly, and then I ran for my life.

But I got no further than the house door, for there I ran head foremost into a party of soldiers with their muskets, one of whom held out a pair of handcuffs to me saying, 'Here you are! Look sharp! Come on!'

The soliders told us that they were out hunting for two convicts who had escaped from the Hulks, but first they needed to have the handcuffs repaired, and they had come to the blacksmith to get him to do this job.

Joe now set to work to mend the handcuffs. At last, after what seemed a long time, the job was finished and the handcuffs handed back to the sergeant. Joe then ventured to suggest, as the soldiers prepared to depart, that some of us should go with them to see the outcome of the hunt. This was agreed to, and Mr. Wopsle, Joe and I set out with the soldiers.

Before long, we were out on the open marshes. A bitter sleet came rattling against us here on the east wind, and Joe took me on his broad back. With my heart thumping, I looked all about for any sign of the convicts. I could see none. I could hear none.

The soldiers were moving on in the direction of the old Battery, and we were following a little way behind them, when, all of a sudden, we all stopped. For there had reached us a shout. It was repeated. It was long and loud. No, there seemed to be two or more shouts raised together. The soldiers were then ordered to make in the direction of the sound. They began to run. As we came nearer to the shouting, it became more and more clear that it was made by more than one voice. We could hear one voice calling, 'Murder!' and another voice, 'Convicts! Run-aways!' Guard! This way for the runaway convicts!' Then both voices would seem to be stifled in a struggle and then would break out again.

The sergeant ran in first when we came to where the noises were, and two of his men ran in close after him.

'Here are both men!' panted the sergeant, struggling at the bottom of a ditch. 'Surrender,

you two! Come apart!’

‘More men went down into the ditch to help the sergeant, and dragged out separately my convict and the other one. Both were bleeding and panting, but, of course, I knew them both directly.

‘Mind!’ said my convict, wiping blood from his face with his ragged sleeve, ‘*I took him! I give him up to you! Mind that!*’

The other convict was pale as death, and was so breathless he could hardly speak.

‘Take notice, guard—he tried to murder me,’ were his first words.

‘Tried to murder him?’ said my convict disdainfully. ‘Try, and not do it? I took him and gave him up, that’s what I did. He’s a gentleman, if you please, this villain! Now the Hulks has got its gentleman again, through me.’

‘Enough of this talk!’ said the sergeant. Then to his men, ‘Light those torches.’

Three or four torches were soon lit, and we left the spot. The two convicts were kept apart, and each walked surrounded by a separate guard. We had not gone far, when we heard three cannon fired ahead of us. The sound came from the Hulks. ‘You are expected on board,’ said the sergeant to my convict. ‘They know you are coming.’

Before long, we came to a rough wooden hut and a landing-place on the bank of the river. We went into the hut, where a bright fire was burning. While we waited in the hut, my convict stood before the fire looking thoughtfully at it. Suddenly he turned to the sergeant and said:

‘I wish to say something about this escape. It

may prevent some persons being suspected on account of me.'

He paused, and then went on: 'A man can't starve; at least, *I* can't. I took some victuals, up at the village yonder, where the church stands almost out on the marshes.'

'You mean, stole?' said the sergeant.

'And I'll tell you wherefrom. From the blacksmith's. It was some broken food, and also a whole pie.'

'Have you happened to miss such an article as a pie, blacksmith?' asked the sergeant.

'My wife did at the very moment when you came in.'

'So,' said my convict, turning his eyes on Joe in a moody manner, and without the least glance at me: 'so, you're the blacksmith, are you? Then, I'm sorry to say, I've eaten your pie.'

'God knows you're welcome to it.' replied Joe gently.

Something seemed to click in the convict's throat, and he turned his back on us.

The boat which acted as ferry between the landing-place and the Hulks, which lay out in the river, now returned after having taken over the other convict. We followed my convict down to the landing-place and watched him being put into the boat. By the light of the torches we could see the black Hulks lying a little way from the mud of the shore. We saw the boat go alongside, and we saw my man taken up the side and disappear.

CHAPTER 4

One evening, not long after the events that I have

been describing, Joe and I were sitting together by the fire. My sister was out. She had gone on a shopping expedition with Uncle Pumblechook. He was a bachelor, and sometimes Mrs. Joe helped him with his marketing. He had taken her in his trap. It was a dry cold night, and the wind blew keenly, and the frost was white and hard.

‘Here comes the mare,’ said Joe suddenly, ‘ringing like a peal of bells.’

As soon as they had arrived, Mrs. Joe hurried into the kitchen, unwrapping herself hastily.

‘Now,’ said she looking at me sternly, ‘if this boy isn’t grateful this night, he never will be! You know Miss Havisham, don’t you?’ said my sister, looking hard at Joe and me. ‘Well, she wants this boy here to go and play at her house. And of course he’s going. And he had better play there,’ said my sister, shaking her head at me, ‘or I’ll work him!’

I had heard of Miss Havisham in the neighbouring town—everybody for miles round had heard of Miss Havisham—as an immensely rich and grim lady who lived in a large and dismal house barricaded against robbers, and who led a life of seclusion.

‘Well, to be sure!’ said Joe astounded. ‘I wonder how she comes to know Pip!’

‘Idiot!’ cried my sister. ‘Who said she knew him?’

‘But you said she wanted him to go and play there.’

‘And couldn’t Miss Havisham ask Uncle Pumblechook who is a tenant of hers if he happened to know of a boy to go and play there? And couldn’t

Uncle Pumblechook, being always considerate and thoughtful for us, then mention this boy?’

It then appeared that Uncle Pumblechook had thought that this contact with Miss Havisham might be the means of making my fortune. I was to go to town with Uncle Pumblechook without delay that very night, stay with him overnight, and then next morning I was to be taken to Miss Havisham’s house. All this was at once decided without any reference to either Joe or me.

Then my sister seized me and gave me such a soaping and scrubbing and rubbing as I had never had before even under her hands. I was then handed over to Uncle Pumblechook.

‘Good-bye, Joe.’

‘God bless you, Pip, old chap.’

I had never parted from him before, and wanted to cry. And I couldn’t for the life of me make out why on earth I was being taken to play at Miss Havisham’s and what on earth I would be expected to play at when I got there.

My sleep that night was restless. Next morning, after a very stiff and uncomfortable breakfast with Uncle Pumblechook, he and I set out for Miss Havisham’s. Before long we arrived at her house, which was of old brick and dismal-looking. After ringing the bell, we had to wait for someone to come and open the gate leading into the courtyard of the house.

Then a window was raised and a clear voice asked, ‘What name?’ To this my guide replied, ‘Pumblechook.’ The voice returned, ‘Quite right,’ and the window was shut again. Then a young lady came across the courtyard with keys in her

hand. She opened the gate for us.

‘This,’ said Mr. Pumblechook, ‘is Pip.’

‘This is Pip, is it?’ returned the young lady, who was very pretty and seemed very proud. ‘Come in, Pip.’

Mr. Pumblechook was about to enter too, when she stopped him.

‘Oh!’ she said, ‘did you wish to see Miss Havisham?’

‘If Miss Havisham wished to see me,’ returned Mr. Pumblechook rather crestfallen.

‘Ah!’ said the girl, ‘but you see she doesn’t.’ She then closed the gate firmly and left Mr. Pumblechook outside to indulge his own thoughts.

She led me across the courtyard and into the great house, the name of which was Satis House. The first thing I noticed was that the passages were all dark, and that she had left a candle burning. She took it up and led me through passage after passage and then up a staircase, and still it was all dark and only the candle lighted us. At last we came to the door of a room outside which she paused, and said, ‘Go in.’ She then walked away and left me alone.

I felt very uncomfortable and half afraid. However, I knocked at the door and heard a voice inside calling me to enter. I opened the door and went in. I found myself in a pretty large room, well lighted with wax candles. It seemed to be a dressing-room. In an arm-chair, with an elbow resting on a dressing-table, on which stood a mirror, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen or shall ever see.

She was richly dressed—all in white. Her shoes

were white. And she had a long white veil hanging from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses and half-packed trunks were lying around. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had only one shoe on—the other was on the table near her hand; her veil was only half arranged, and her watch and chain were not put on.

I saw that the bridge within the bridal dress had withered like the dress, and that no brightness was left except the brightness of her sunken eyes.

‘Who is it?’ said the lady at the table.

‘Pip, ma’am.’

‘Pip?’

‘Mr. Pumblechook’s boy, ma’am. Come to play.’

‘Come nearer; let me look at you. Come close.’

It was when I stood before her, avoiding her eyes, that I took note of the surrounding objects, and saw that her watch had stopped at twenty minutes to nine and that a clock in the room had stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

‘Look at me,’ said Miss Havisham. ‘You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?’

I said, ‘No’, although it was a great lie.

‘Do you know what I touch here?’ she said, laying her hands, one upon the other, on her left side.

‘Your heart.’

‘Broken!’

She uttered the word with an eager look, and with strong emphasis, and with a weird smile that

had a kind of boast in it.

‘I am tired,’ said Miss Havisham. ‘I want diversion, and I have done with men and women. Play!’

She could hardly have told me to do anything more difficult in the circumstances.

‘I sometimes have sick fancies,’ she went on, ‘and I have a sick fancy that I want to see someone play. There, there!’ with an impatient movement of her right hand, ‘play, play, play!’

I could do nothing but stand there looking at Miss Havisham in what I suppose she took for a stubborn manner, for she said, after we had stared at one another for some time: ‘Are you sullen and obstinate?’

‘No, ma’am, I am very sorry for you, and very sorry I can’t play just now. It’s so new here, and so strange, and so fine—and melancholy.’ I stopped, fearing that I might say too much, or had already said it, and we took another look at each other.

‘So new to him’, she muttered ‘so old to me; so strange to him, so familiar to me; so melancholy to both of us! Call Estella.’

I thought she was still talking to herself and kept quiet.

‘Call Estella!’ she repeated, flashing a look at me. ‘You can do that. Call Estella? At the door.’

I did so, and Estella answered at last, and her light came along the dark passage like a star. Miss Havisham beckoned her to come close and took up a jewel from the table and tried its effect against her fair young bosom and against her pretty brown hair. ‘Your own, one day, my dear, and you will use it well. Let me see you play cards

with this boy.'

'With this boy! Why, he is a common labouring-boy!'

I thought I overheard Miss Havisham answer—only it seemed so unlikely, 'Well? You can break his heart!'

'What do you play, boy?' asked Estella with the greatest disdain.

'Nothing but beggar my neighbour, miss.'

'Beggar him!' said Miss Havisham to Estella. So we sat down to cards. Miss Havisham sat, corpse-like, as we played.

'He calls the knaves Jacks, this boy!' said Estella with disdain, before our first game was over. 'And what coarse hands he has! And what thick boots!'

I had never thought of being ashamed of my hands before, but I began to consider them a very poor pair. Her contempt for me was so strong that it became infectious, and I caught it.

'You say nothing of her,' remarked Miss Havisham to me, as she looked on. 'She says many hard things of you, yet you say nothing of her. What do you think of her?'

'I don't like to say,' I stammered.

'Tell me in my ear,' said Miss Havisham, bending down.

'I think she is very proud,' I replied in a whisper.

'Anything else?'

'I think she is very insulting.'

'Anything else?'

'I think I should like to go home.'

'And never see her again though she is so

pretty?'

'I am not sure that I shouldn't like to see her again, but I should like to go home now.'

'You shall go soon,' said Miss Havisham aloud. 'Play the game out.'

I played the game to an end with Estella, and she won.

'When shall I have you here again?' said Miss Havisham. 'Let me think...Come again after six days. You hear?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Estella, take him down. Let him have something to eat, and let him roam about and look round while he eats. Go, Pip!'

I followed the candle down, as I followed the candle up, and Estella stood it in the place where she had found it.

'You are to wait here, you boy,' said Estella, and disappeared and closed the door. After some time she came back with some bread and meat and a little mug of beer. She put the mug down on the stones of the yard, and gave me the bread and meat without looking at me, as insolently as if I were a dog in distress. I was so humiliated, hurt, offended, angry, sorry, that tears started to my eyes. The moment they sprang there, the girl looked at me with quick delight at having been the cause of them. This gave me power to keep them back and to look at her. She quickly left me.

At last, I saw Estella coming with the keys to let me out. She gave me a triumphant glance in passing me, and she opened the gate and stood holding it.

She laughed contemptuously, pushed me out,

and locked the gate after me. I went straight to Mr. Pumblechook's house and was greatly relieved to find him not at home. So I set out on the four-mile walk to our forge, thinking, as I went along, about all I had seen, and brooding over the facts that I was a common labouring-boy, that my hands were coarse, that my boots were thick, that I had fallen into the low habit of calling knaves Jacks, that I was much more ignorant than I had considered myself last night, and generally that I was in a bad way.

CHAPTER 5

At the time which had been fixed I returned to Miss Havisham's, and my hesitating ring at the gate brought out Estella. She led me into the house, and then saying, 'You are to come this way today,' took me to quite another part of the house. She led me into a room where were three ladies and one gentleman. I learned that they were relations of Miss Havisham, who hoped to inherit her wealth when she died. The ringing of a distant bell interrupted their conversation and caused Estella to say to me, 'Now, boy!'

We were soon in Miss Havisham's room, where she and everything else were just as I had left them. Estella left me standing near the door, and I stood there until Miss Havisham cast her eyes upon me from the dressing-table.

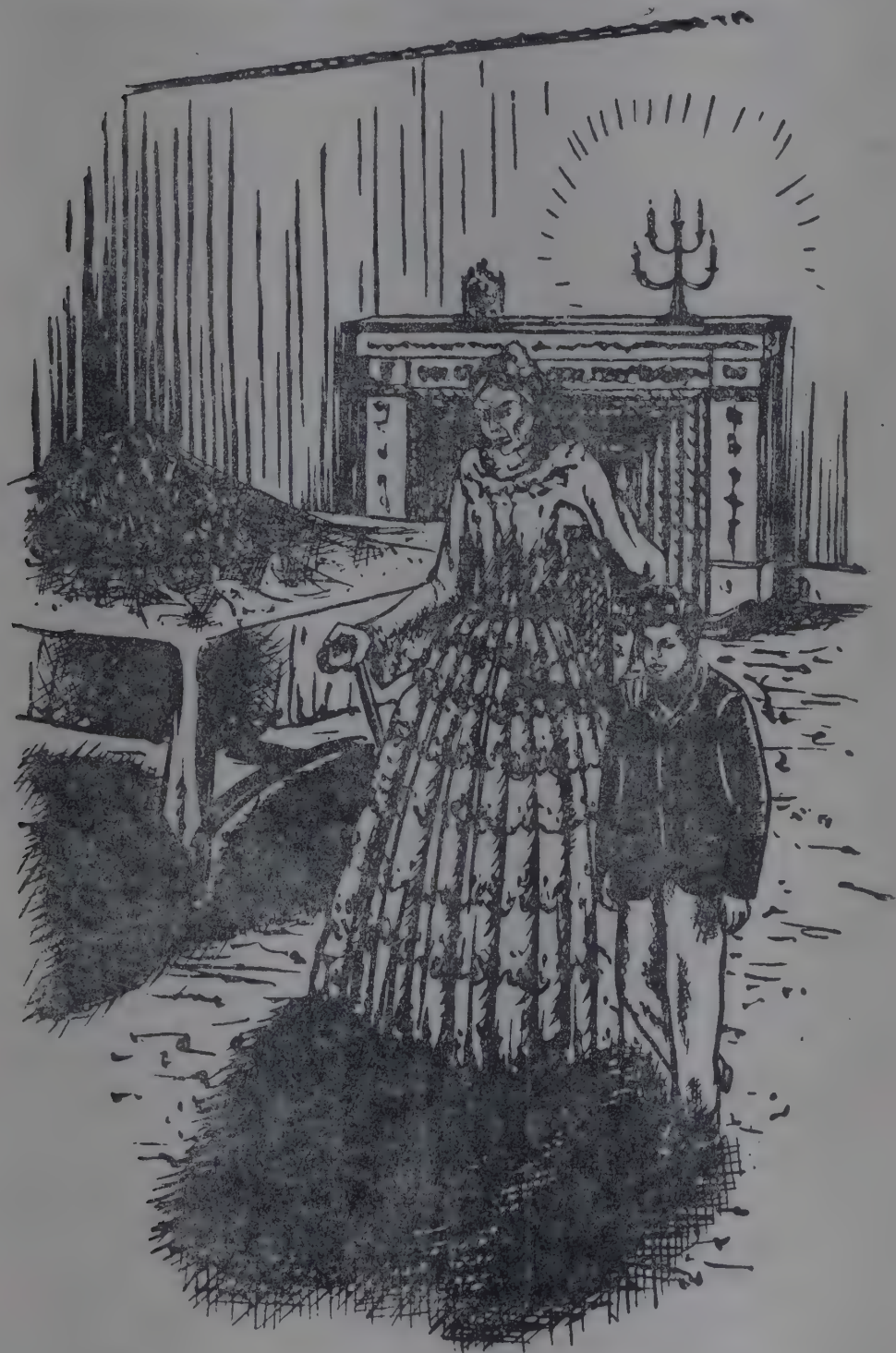
'So!' she said, without being surprised or startled. 'The days have worn away, have they?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Are you ready to play?'

I said with some confusion, 'I don't think I am, ma'am.'

‘Not at cards again?’ she asked with a sharp look.



PIP WALKS MISS HAVISHAM ROUND HER ROOM

‘Yes, ma’am, I could do that, if I was wanted.’

‘Since this house makes you old and grave, boy,’ said Miss Havisham impatiently, ‘and you are unwilling to play, are you willing to work?’

I said I was quite willing.

‘Then go into that opposite room,’ said she, pointing at the door behind me.

I crossed the staircase landing and entered the room she indicated. From that room, too, the daylight was completely shut out and it had an airless smell that was oppressive. It was spacious. The most prominent object in it was a long table with a tablecloth spread on it, as if a feast had been in preparation when the house and all the clocks stopped together. A centre-piece of some kind was in the middle of this cloth. It was so heavily overhung with cobwebs that I could not make out its form. As I looked at it, I saw spiders running home to it and running out from it. I was watching them with a horrible sense of fascination, when Miss Havisham laid a hand upon my shoulder. In her other hand she had a stick on which she leaned, and she looked like a witch.

Then, pointing with her stick at the object in the middle of the table, ‘What do you think that is?’ she asked. ‘That, where those cobwebs are?’

‘I can’t guess what it is, ma’am.’

‘It’s a great cake. A bride-cake. Mine!’

She looked all round the room in a glaring manner, and then said, leaning on me, while her hand twitched my shoulder, ‘Come, come, come! Walk me! Walk me!’

I made out from this that the work I had to do was to walk Miss Havisham round and round the

room.

She kept walking up and down, with her hand on my shoulder, but more and more slowly. At last she stopped, and said :

‘This is my birthday, Pip.’

I was going to wish her many happy returns, when she lifted her stick.

‘I don’t allow it to be spoken of.’

Of course, I made no further effort to refer to it.

When Estella came back, Miss Havisham made us play cards together. Estella beat me again. She did not even speak to me. When we had played a number of games, a day was fixed for my return, and I was taken down to the yard to be fed as before. I was left to wander about as I liked. As I was prowling about, I came suddenly upon another boy, pale, with red eye-lids and light hair.

‘Halloa !’ said he, ‘young fellow !’

‘Halloa !’ I replied, politely omitting ‘young fellow !’

‘Who let *you* in ?’ said he.

‘Miss Estella.’

‘Who gave *you* leave to prowl about ?’

‘Miss Estella.’

‘Come and fight !’ said the pale young gentleman.

What could I do but follow him ? His manner was so decided and I was so astonished that I followed where he led, as if I had been under a spell.

‘Stop a minute, though,’ he said turning round before we had gone many paces. ‘I ought to give you a reason for fighting, too. There it is !’ In a most irritating manner he at once slapped his hands against one another, pulled my hair, slapp-

ed his hands again, dipped his head, and butted it into my stomach. I let out a blow at him and was never so surprised in my life as to see him lying on his back, looking up at me, his nose bleeding.

But he was on his feet directly and prepared to attack me again. I aimed a blow at him. The second greatest surprise I have ever had in my life was to see him on his back again, looking up at me out of a black eye.

I felt great respect for the spirit he showed. He seemed to have no strength, and he never once hit me hard, and he was always knocked down; but he would be up again. Then he would come at me once more in such a way that I felt sure he was really going to do for me at last. He got heavily bruised, for I am sorry to say that the more I hit him, the harder I hit him; but he came up again, and again, and again, until at last he got a bad fall with the back of his head against the wall. Even after that he got up and turned round and round confusedly a few times, not knowing where I was. Finally, he went on his knees panting out, "You have won!"

He seemed so brave and innocent that although I had not proposed the fight, I did not feel happy in my victory. However, I put on my coat, wiping my blood-stained face at intervals, and I said to him, 'Can I help you?' and he said, 'No thank you,' and I said, 'Good afternoon,' and he said, 'The same to you.'

Estella was waiting in the courtyard with the key to let me out. She did not say anything to me at first, but there was a look on her face as though

something had pleased her very much. Instead of going straight to the gate, she stepped back into the passage, and beckoned me.

‘Come here! You may kiss me if you like.’

I kissed her cheek as she turned it to me. I think I would have gone through a great deal to kiss her cheek. But I felt that the kiss was given to the coarse common boy as a piece of money might have been, and that it was worth nothing.

CHAPTER 6

As Miss Havisham and I became more used to one another, she talked to me more, and asked me questions about myself and about what I was going to do. I told her that I expected to be apprenticed to Joe Gargery as a blacksmith, when I was old enough.

Estella was always about, and always let me in and out, but she never told me I might kiss her again. Miss Havisham would often ask me in a whisper, ‘Does she grow prettier and prettier, Pip?’ And when I said, ‘Yes’ (for indeed she did), would seem to enjoy it greedily. Sometimes, Miss Havisham would embrace Estella with a great show of fondness, murmuring something in her ear that sounded like, ‘Break their hearts, my pride and hope, break their hearts and have no mercy!’

I went on paying these visits to Satis House and it seemed likely that things would continue in the same way for a long time, when, one day, Miss Havisham stopped short as she and I were walking, she leaning on my shoulder, and said, ‘You are growing tall, Pip!’

She said no more at the time, but next day, when our usual exercise was over, she stopped me with a movement of her impatient fingers, and asked, 'Tell me the name again of that blacksmith of yours.'

'Joe Gargery, ma'am.'

'Meaning the master you are to be apprenticed to?'

'Yes, Miss Havisham.'

'You had better be apprenticed at once. Would Gargery come here with you and bring your papers of apprenticeship?'

I said I had no doubt he would consider it an honour to be asked.

'Then let him come.'

'At any particular time, Miss Havisham?'

'There, there! I know nothing about times. Let him come, soon, and come alone with you.'

When I got home and told Joe that he had been invited to go with me to Satis House, my sister was terribly angry that he should get such an opportunity and that she should be left out of it.

It was a very strange experience for dear, old Joe to go into that weird house, to meet Miss Havisham, of whom he had heard so much, to be spoken to by her, and to have to answer her questions. Finally, however, after putting a number of questions, Miss Havisham insisted on paying Joe twenty-five guineas as the premium for my apprenticeship, although Joe had never meant to accept any premium.

In spite of Joe's protests, she took up a little bag from the table beside her.

'Pip has earned a premium here', she said,

‘and here it is. There are twenty-five guineas in this bag. Give it to your master, Pip.’

When Joe had finished making a very confused speech of thanks, the interview came to an end.

‘Good-bye, Pip!’ said Miss Havisham. ‘Let them out, Estella.’

‘Am I to come again, Miss Havisham?’ I asked.

‘No. Gargery is your master now. Gargery! One word!’

She called him back as I went out of the door and I heard her say to Joe distinctly, ‘The boy has been a good boy here, and that is his reward.’

So I went back with Joe, bound as his apprentice. Once I had looked forward to this as the greatest happiness I could know. But now the days that I had spent at Satis House and what I had learned from my contact with Miss Havisham and Estella had changed me. I was ashamed of the work that I had undertaken to do. My surroundings seemed to me to be mean and poor, and I was ashamed of my home.

As the time passed, I felt that I should go back to Satis House to see Miss Havisham again and thank her for her kindness to me. One day I made my way to her house, I passed and repassed the gate before I could make up my mind to ring. At last I rang the bell. It was not Estella who came to open the gate, but one of those friends of Miss Havisham, whom I had seen there before, who hoped to get her wealth after her death. Her name was Miss Sarah Pocket.

‘How, then? You here again!’ she exclaimed. ‘What do *you* want?’

When I said that I had only come to see how

Miss Havisham was, Miss Pocket hesitated. But she let me in, went away, and returned with the message that I was to come up. I followed her.

Everything was unchanged, and Miss Havisham was alone. 'Well!' said she, fixing her eyes upon me. 'I hope you want nothing. You'll get nothing.'

'No indeed, Miss Havisham. I only wanted you to know that I am doing very well in my apprenticeship, and am always much obliged to you.'

'There, there!' she exclaimed, with the old restless movement of her fingers. 'Come now and then; come on your birthday.—Ah!' she cried suddenly, 'you are looking round for Estella?'

I had in fact been looking round for Estella and I said that I hoped she was well.

'Abroad,' said Miss Havisham, 'being educated as a lady; far out of reach; prettier than ever; admired by all who see her. Do you feel that you have lost her?'

There was such a malicious enjoyment in the way in which she said the last words, and she broke into such a disagreeable laugh, that I did not know what to say.

On my way back to our village that night I met a neighbour of ours called Mr. Wopsle. Soon we overtook Joe Gargery's assistant in the forge, a man called Orlick, a strange, sullen fellow, who had never liked me and whom I had never liked. Not long ago, my sister and he had had a violent quarrel. It had ended in a fight between Joe and Orlick, in which Joe had given the other a thorough beating. Orlick could not stand up

against Joe's great strength, and soon he was on his back among the coal-dust of the forge and in no hurry to come out of it.

As the three of us walked on together, Orlick suddenly said, 'By the bye, the guns are going again.'

'At the Hulks?' said I.

'Ah! There's some of the birds flown from the cages. The guns have been going since dark about. You'll hear one presently.'

Actually we had not walked many yards further, when the well-remembered boom came towards us, deadened by the mist which hung heavy.

Thus, we came to the village. Our way lay past the inn, which we were surprised, since it was eleven o'clock at night, to find in a state of uproar, with the door wide open and lights scattered here and there. Mr. Wopsle dropped in to ask what was the matter, and came running out in a great hurry.

'There's something wrong. Pip, up at your place,' he said, without stopping. 'Run as quick as you can.'

'What is it?' I asked, keeping up with him, as did Orlick at my side.

'I can't quite understand. The house seems to have been violently entered when Joe Gargery was out. Supposed by convicts. Somebody has been attacked and hurt.'

We were running too fast to allow more to be said, and we did not stop until we had got into our kitchen. It was full of people: the whole village was there, or in the yard: and there was a doctor, and there was Joe, and there was a group of

women, all on the floor in the middle of the kitchen. The bystanders drew back when they saw me, and then I saw my sister—lying without sense or movement on the bare boards where she had been knocked down by a tremendous blow on the back of the head, when her face was turned towards the fire.

CHAPTER 7

MY sister might well have been killed by the blow she had received. But she was not. There was still life in her. For a very long time she lay very ill in bed. Her sight was disturbed. Her hearing was gently weakened. Her memory too. Her speech was very difficult to understand. When, at last, she was sufficiently better to be taken downstairs, she had to keep a slate beside her, so that she could show in writing what she could not make clear in speech. But her temper had greatly improved and she was patient. It was difficult to find someone suitable to look after her, until at last a great-aunt of Mr. Wopsle died, and her grand-daughter Biddy, who had been looking after the old lady was able to come to us and look after my poor sister. It may have been a month after my sister was first able to come downstairs to the kitchen that Biddy came to us with a small box containing all her worldly possessions, and became a blessing to the whole household.

My days now passed in the regular work of the blacksmith's forge. When my birthday came, I went to pay another visit to Miss Havisham in Satis House. I found her just as I had left her.

She spoke of Estella in the same way as she had done when we last met. The interview lasted only a few minutes, and she gave me a guinea when I went away, and told me to come again on my next birthday. This became an annual custom.

Gradually I became aware of a change in Biddy. She was not beautiful. She was common and could not be like Estella, but she was pleasant and wholesome and sweet-tempered. She had not been with us more than a year when I noticed one evening that she had very thoughtful and attentive eyes, eyes that were very pretty and very good.

One day I felt that I would confide in Biddy my dissatisfaction with my present lot. We were out for a walk together one Sunday afternoon, when I told her I wished to say something to her that she must not make known to anyone else.

‘Biddy,’ said I, after making her promise secrecy, ‘I want to be a gentleman.’

‘Oh, I wouldn’t, if I were you!’ she replied. ‘I don’t think it would be a good idea.’

‘Biddy,’ I said rather severely, ‘I have particular reasons for wanting to be a gentleman.’

‘You know best, Pip, but don’t you think you are happier as you are?’

‘Biddy,’ I exclaimed impatiently, ‘I am not at all happy as I am. I am disgusted with my work and with my life. I have never liked either since I was made Joe’s apprentice. Don’t be absurd.’

‘Was I absurd?’ said Biddy. ‘I am sorry for that ; I didn’t mean to be. I only want you to do well, and to be comfortable.’

‘Well, then, understand once for all that I never shall or can be comfortable—or anything but

miserable, unless I can lead a very different sort of life from the life I lead now.'

'That's a pity!' said Biddy, shaking her head with a sorrowful air.

'If I could have settled down and been only half as fond of the forge as I was when I was little, I know it would have been much better for me. Instead of that, see how I am going on. Dissatisfied and uncomfortable, and what would it matter to me, being coarse and common, if nobody had told me so!'

Biddy turned to me suddenly and looked at me attentively.

'It was neither a very true nor a very polite thing to say,' she remarked 'Who said it?'

I didn't wish to tell her, but felt I had to. 'The beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham's and she's more beautiful than anybody ever was, and I admire her dreadfully, and I want to be a gentleman on her account.'

'I am glad of one thing,' said Biddy, 'and that is that you have felt you could give me your confidence, Pip.' Then she rose from where we had been sitting during this conversation and said with a fresh and pleasant change of voice, 'Shall we walk a little further, or go home?'

'Biddy,' I cried, 'I shall always tell you everything.'

'Till you're a gentleman,' said Biddy.

'You know I never shall be, so that's always.'

'Ah!' said Biddy, and then again, 'shall we walk a little further or go home?'

I said to Biddy we would walk a little further, and we did so, and the summer afternoon toned

down into the summer evening, and it was very beautiful.

CHAPTER 8

It was in the fourth year of my apprenticeship to Joe, and it was a Saturday night. There was a group gathered round the fire at the Three Jolly Bargemen, our local inn. I was one of that group. Suddenly I became aware of a strange gentleman looking down at us. He had come into the inn without our noticing him. He bit the side of his forefinger as he gazed at us.

‘From information I have received,’ he said, ‘I have reason to believe there is a blacksmith among you, by name Joe Gargery. Which is the man?’

‘Here is the man,’ said Joe.

The strange gentleman beckoned to him, and Joe went.

‘You have an apprentice,’ went on the stranger, ‘usually known as Pip. Is he here?’

‘I am here!’ I cried.

‘I wish to have a private talk with you two,’ said he, when he had looked me over at his leisure. ‘It will take a little time. Perhaps we had better go to your house.’

Amidst a wondering silence, we three walked out of the Jolly Bargemen, and in a wondering silence walked home. We sat down for our talk in the best parlour, which was feebly lighted by one candle.

The gentleman began, ‘My name is Jaggers, and I am a lawyer in London. I am pretty well known. I have unusual business with you. I am

acting only as the agent for someone else. Nothing more than that.'

He then rose from his chair, and went on.

'Now Joseph Gargery, I have come with an offer to relieve you of this young fellow, your apprentice. You would not object to setting him free to go, would you? You would not want any payment for doing so?'

'Lord forbid that I should want anything for setting Pip free, if it is to be for his good,' said Joe, staring.

'Very well, then,' said Mr. Jaggers. 'But don't forget what you have just said. Now, I return to this young fellow. And what I have come to tell him is that he has Great Expectations.'

Joe and I gasped, and looked at one another.

'I have instructions to tell him,' said Mr. Jaggers, 'that he will come into a handsome fortune. Further, it is the desire of the person from whom his Great Expectations come that he should be at once removed from his present way of life and from this place and be brought up as a gentleman—in a word, as a young fellow of great expectations.'

So my dream was coming true beyond my wildest hopes. Miss Havisham was going to make my fortune on a grand scale.

'Now, Mr. Pip,' went on the lawyer, 'you are to know, first, that it is the request of the person from whom I take my instructions that you always keep the name of Pip. You will have no objection, I dare say, to your great expectations carrying with them this condition. But if you have any objection, this is the time to mention it.'

My heart was beating fast, and I could scarcely stammer that I had no objection.

‘I should think not! Now you are to know, secondly, Mr. Pip, that the name of the person who is your liberal benefactor remains a profound secret, until the person chooses to reveal it. I am allowed to tell you that it is the intention of the person to reveal it at first hand by word of mouth to yourself. When or where this will happen I cannot say; no one can say. It may be years hence. Now you must understand clearly that you are never to ask me anything about who this person is. If you have a suspicion in your mind regarding who it may be, then keep that suspicion to yourself!’

Mr. Jaggers then asked me if I had any objection to this condition, and again I stammered with difficulty that I had no objection.

‘I should think not!’ retorted Mr. Jaggers. ‘Now, Mr. Pip, you will please look upon me as your guardian. It is thought that you must be better educated in accordance with your altered position, and you will realise the importance of taking advantage of this opportunity without any delay.’

‘I said I had always longed for it.’

‘Good. Now, your wishes are to be consulted. I don’t think that’s wise, mind, but these are my instructions. Have you ever heard of any tutor whom you would prefer to another?’

I said, ‘No’.

‘There is a certain tutor, of whom I know something, who I think might suit the purpose.’ said Mr. Jaggers. ‘I don’t *recommend* him, observe,

because I never recommend anyone. The gentleman I speak of is one Mr. Matthew Pocket.

Ah! I caught at the name at once. I had heard his name spoken of when I used to visit Miss Havisham. I remembered now he was a relation of hers, whom she thought highly of because he never came to Satis House to try to make a good impression on her and to induce her to leave him her money. He was the brother of Miss Sarah Pocket.

‘You know the name?’ said Mr. Jaggers looking sharply at me.

I said that I had heard of the name.

‘Oh!’ said he. ‘You have heard of the name! But the question is, what do you say of it?’

I said that I was much obliged to him for his recommendation. ‘No, my young friend!’ he interrupted. ‘Remember! Remember!’

Not remembering, I began again that I was much obliged to him for his recommendation—.

‘No, my young friend,’ he interrupted again, shaking his head, and frowning and smiling at the same time: ‘no, no, no, that won’t do at all! I told you that I never *recommend* anyone!’

Correcting myself, I said that I was much obliged to him for his mention of Mr. Matthew Pocket.

‘*That’s* more like it!’ cried Mr. Jaggers.

And, I added, I would gladly try that gentleman.

‘Good. You had better try him in his own house. The way shall be prepared for you, and you can see his son first, who is in London. When will you come to London?’

I said glancing at Joe, who stood looking on,

motionless, that I supposed I could come directly.

‘First,’ said Mr. Jaggers, ‘you should have some new clothes to come in, and they should not be working clothes. Say this day week. You’ll want some money. Shall I leave you twenty guineas?’

He produced a purse with the greatest coolness and counted the coins out on the table, and pushed them over to me. Then he looked up at Joe, as he stood there silent.

‘Well, Joseph Gargery? You look dumb-founded!’

‘I *am*!’ said Joe in a very decided manner.

‘It was understood that you wanted nothing for yourself, remember?’

‘It was understood,’ said Joe. ‘And it is understood. And it always will be understood.’

‘But what,’ said Mr. Jaggers holding up the purse, ‘what if it were in my instructions to make you a present as compensation?’

‘As compensation for what?’ Joe demanded.

‘For the loss of his services.’

Joe laid his hand very gently on my shoulder and said quietly, ‘Pip is very heartily welcome to go free with his services to honour and fortune. But if you think that money can make up to me for the loss of the little child who came to the forge and who has become the best of friends!’

Dear Joe’s voice faltered and he did not go on.

Mr. Jaggers looked at him without showing any feeling and said, ‘Now, Joseph Gargery, I warn you this is your last chance. No half measures with me! If you mean to take a present that I have been told to offer you, speak out, and you

shall have it. If, on the other hand you mean to say—.' Here he was stopped, to his great surprise, by Joe turning suddenly on him, doubling up his great fists, and looking as if he were about to attack him.

'What I mean to say,' cried Joe, 'is that if you come into my place bothering me and troubling me like this, then come on, and I'll give you something to remember!'

I drew Joe away, and he at once became peaceful again. Mr. Jaggers had risen on seeing Joe's intentions and had backed near the door. Without showing any desire to come in again, he made his farewell remarks from there. They were these: 'Well, Mr. Pip, I think the sooner you leave here—as you are to be a gentleman—the better. Let it be this day week, and I shall give you my address in London in the meantime. You can take a cab at the stage-coach office in London, and come straight to me.'

Mr. Jaggers turned and left the house.

Something came into my head which made me run after him as he was going down the road.

'I beg your parden, Mr. Jaggers.'

'Hello!' said he turning round, 'What's the matter?'

'I wish to be quite right, Mr. Jaggers, and to keep to your directions, so I thought I had better ask. Would there be any objection to my taking leave of anyone I know, about here, before I go away?'

'No,' said he, looking as if he hardly understood me.

'I don't mean in the village only, but in the

neighbouring town?'

'No,' said he. 'No objection.'

I thanked him and ran home again, and there I found Joe seated by the kitchen fire with a hand on each knee, gazing intently at the burning coals. I too sat down before the fire and gazed at the coals, and nothing was said for a long time. The more I looked into the glowing coals, the more incapable I became of looking at Joe, the longer the silence lasted, the more unable I felt to speak.

At length I managed to say, 'Joe, have you told Biddy?'

'No, Pip,' returned Joe, still looking at the fire. 'I left that to yourself, Pip.'

'I would rather you told her Joe.'

'Pip's a gentleman of fortune then,' said Joe, 'and may God bless him!'

Biddy who was sitting sewing by the fire, dropped her work and looked at me. Joe looked at me, and I looked at them both. After a pause they both heartily congratulated me; but there was a certain touch of sadness in their congratulations which I did not like.

CHAPTER 9 ²¹¹

I paid a visit very soon to Mr. Trabb the tailor in the nearby town. When Mr. Trabb heard of my good fortune, he treated me with the greatest respect. He measured me with the utmost care and gave himself such a world of trouble that I felt that no suit of clothes could possibly repay him for his pains. When he had at last done, he promised to send the articles to Mr. Pumblechook's on Thursday evening. After this, I went to various shops to get other articles of my outfit.

I also went to the coach-office and took my place for seven o'clock on Saturday morning.

When I had ordered everything I wanted, I made my way towards Mr. Pumblechook's. I saw him standing at his door. He was waiting for me with great impatience. He had been out earlier in the day and had happened to call at the forge, where he had heard the news.

'My dear friend,' said Mr. Pumblechook, taking me by both hands, 'I give you joy of your good fortune. Well deserved! Well deserved!'

This was coming to the point, and I thought it a sensible way of expressing himself.

'To think,' said Mr. Pumblechook, 'that I should have been the humble means of leading up to this, is a proud reward.' He was, of course, recalling that he had been responsible for causing me to be introduced to Miss Havisham. To him there was no doubt at all regarding the source of my good fortune.

I begged Mr. Pumblechook to remember that nothing was ever to be said or hinted, on that point.

'My dear young friend,' said Mr. Pumblechook, 'if you will allow me to call you so...'

I murmured, 'Certainly,' and Mr. Pumblechook took me by both hands again.

Mr. Pumblechook had prepared a very fine meal and he now remembered his duties as host.

'But my dear young friend,' said Mr. Pumblechook 'you must be hungry, you must be exhausted. Be seated. Here is a chicken. Here are one or two other little things that you may not despise. But, do I,' said Mr. Pumblechook getting

up again the moment he had sat down, 'see before me, him with whom I played in his times of happy infancy? And may I—*may* I?—'

This 'may I,' meant, might he shake hands? I consented, and he was fervent, and then sat down again.

This desire to express his congratulations came to Mr. Pumblechook again and again in the course of the meal, which became, as a result, unduly prolonged.

But at last it was finished. I mentioned to Mr. Pumblechook that I wished to have my new clothes sent to his house, and he was delighted that I should so honour him. I told him that I wished to avoid being stared at in my new outfit in our own village. He praised my good sense to the skies.

At last I prepared to leave for home. We shook hands for the hundredth time at least. Then he blessed me and stood waving his hand to me until I was out of sight.

It was on Monday that I ordered my new clothes. So Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday passed; and on Friday morning I went to Mr. Pumblechook's to put on my clothes and pay my visit to Miss Havisham. Mr. Pumblechook was not at home, as he was at market in a town about ten miles off. I put on my clothes. They were rather a disappointment, of course. That is usually the way with something to which one has looked forward with such tremendous excitement.

I went by a roundabout way to Miss Havisham's and rang the bell self-consciously. Sarah Pocket came to the gate.

'You?' said she. 'You? Good gracious! What

do *you* want?’

‘I am going to London, Miss Pocket,’ said I, ‘and I want to say good-bye to Miss Havisham.’

She went away to ask if I might be admitted. After a very short delay, she returned and took me up, staring at me all the way.

Miss Havisham was taking exercise in the room with the long spread table, leaning on her stick. The room was lighted as it used to be, and at the sound of our entrance, she stopped and turned.

‘Don’t go, Sarah,’ she said. ‘Well, Pip?’

‘I start for London, Miss Havisham, tomorrow,’ (I was exceedingly careful in what I said.) ‘and I thought you would kindly not mind my taking leave of you.’

‘This is a fine figure, Pip,’ said she, making her stick play round me, as if she, the fairy god-mother who had changed me, were bestowing the finishing gift.

‘I have come into such good fortune since I saw you last, Miss Havisham,’ I murmured. ‘And I am so grateful for it Miss Havisham!’

‘Yes, yes!’ said she, looking at the troubled and envious Sarah, with delight. ‘I have seen Mr. Jaggers. I have heard about it, Pip. So you go to-morrow?’

‘Yes, Miss Havisham.’

‘And you are adopted by a rich person?’

‘Yes, Miss Havisham.’

‘Not named?’

‘No, Miss Havisham.’

‘And Mr. Jaggers is made your guardian?’

‘Yes, Miss Havisham.’

She asked these questions and heard my answers

with a malice which was sharpened by her enjoyment of Sarah Pocket's jealous dismay. 'Well!' she went on, 'You have a promising career before you. Be good; deserve it. Obey Mr. Jagger's instructions.' She looked at me, and she looked at Sarah. On her watchful face as she looked at Sarah was a cruel smile. 'Good-bye, Pip!—You will always keep the name of Pip, you know.'

'Yes Miss Havisham.'

'Good-bye, Pip.'

She stretched out her hand, and I went down on my knee and put it to my lips. I had not thought how I should take leave of her; it came naturally to me at the moment, to do this.

Miss Pocket let me down as if I were a ghost that must be seen out. I said, 'Good-bye, Miss Pocket.' But she merely stared and did not seem to know that I had spoken.

As the last days at home passed, I had come to enjoy more and more the company of Joe and Biddy. On this last evening I dressed myself out in my new clothes for their delight, and sat in my splendour until bedtime. We had a special supper for the farewell. But we were all very depressed, and felt none the brighter for pretending to be cheerful.

Breakfast next morning was a hurried meal, and for me it had no taste. I got up from the table, saying with a sort of briskness, as if it had only just occurred to me, 'Well, I suppose I must be off!' Then I kissed my sister who did not know what it was all about, and was laughing and nodding and shaking in her usual chair. I kissed Biddy, and threw my arms around Joe's neck.

Then I took up my little suitcase and walked out. The last I saw of them was when I heard a noise behind me, and, looking back, saw Joe throwing an old shoe after me for luck, and Biddy throwing another old shoe. I stopped then to wave my hat, and dear old Joe waved his right arm above his head, crying huskily 'Hooray!' and Biddy put her apron to her face.

I walked away at a good pace, thinking it was easier to go than I had supposed it would be. I whistled and made nothing of going. But the village was very peaceful and quiet, and the light mists were solemnly rising, as if to show me the world, and I had been so innocent and little there and all beyond was so unknown and great, that in a moment with a strong heave and sob, I broke into tears. It was by the finger-post at the end of the village, and I laid my hand upon it, and said 'Good-bye, my dear, dear friend!'

CHAPTER 10

THE journey from our town to London took five hours. It was a little past midday when the coach on which I was travelling reached its destination. I had Mr. Jagger's address. I took a hackney-coach, which before long stopped in a gloomy street at certain offices with an open door on which was painted 'Mr. Jaggers'. I went into the front office with my suitcase in my hand and asked if Mr. Jaggers was at home.

'He is not,' answered the clerk, to whom I had addressed my question. 'He is in Court at present. Am I speaking to Mr. Pip?'

I said that he was.

‘Mr. Jaggers left word for you to wait in his room. He couldn’t say how long he might be, having a case on. But since his time is valuable, he won’t be longer than he can help.’

With those words the clerk opened a door and showed me into an inner room at the back. It was lighted by a skylight only, and was a most dismal place. Dust and grit lay thick on everything. It was a hot summer day and the air was heavy and exhausted.

I made up my mind to take a turn in the neighbourhood while I waited. As I came into one street, I saw the great black dome of St. Paul’s bulging at me from behind a grim stone building which a bystander said was Newgate Prison. I went back to the office to ask if Mr. Jaggers had come in yet, and I found he had not, so I strolled out again.

This time I became aware that other people were waiting about for Mr. Jaggers as well as I, and very strange people they seemed to be. I could hear the name of Jaggers spoken by them. They seemed to depend upon him and to trust him. At length I saw Mr. Jaggers coming across the road towards me. All the others, who were waiting, saw him at the same time, and there was quite a rush at him. Mr. Jaggers, putting a hand on my shoulder, and walking me on at his side without saying anything to me, spoke to the various people who had been waiting for him. What he said to them all seemed very strange and mysterious to me, but they seemed to understand his meaning.

When he had got rid of the various hangers-on, Mr. Jaggers took me into his own room, and

while he lunched, standing from a sandwich-box, he told me what arrangements he had made for me, I was to go to a place called Barnard's Inn, to young Mr. Pocket's rooms. I was to stay with him till Monday. On Monday I was to go with him to his father's house so that I might try how I liked it. Also, I was told what my allowance was to be—it was a very liberal one. After a little, I asked Mr. Jaggers if I could send for a coach to take me to my destination. He said it was not worth-while, as it was so near. Wemmick would walk round with me, if I pleased.

I then found that Wemmick was the clerk in the next room, to whom I had spoken when I first arrived. I went out with him into the street, after shaking hands with my guardian. Looking at Mr. Wemmick as we went along, to see what he was like in the light of day, I found him to be a dry man, rather short in stature, with a square wooden face, whose expression seemed to have been imperfectly chipped out with a dull-edged chisel. He had glittering eyes—small, keen, and black—and thin, wide lips. He seemed to me to be between forty and fifty years old.

‘So you were never in London before?’ said Mr. Wemmick to me.

‘No,’ said I.

‘I was new here once,’ said Mr. Wemmick. ‘Strange to think of it now!’

‘You are well acquainted with it now?’

‘Why, yes,’ said Mr. Wemmick. ‘I know it pretty well.’

‘Is it a very wicked place?’ I asked, more for the sake of saying something than for information.

‘You may get cheated, robbed, and murdered in London. But there are plenty of people anywhere who’ll do that for you.’

Wemmick wore his hat on the back of his head, and looked straight before him. His mouth was such a post-office of a mouth that he seemed to be always smiling. We had gone some distance before I knew that it was only an appearance and that he was not really smiling at all.

In a short time he told me that we had arrived at Barnard’s Inn. I had thought that we were bound for a hotel kept by Mr. Barnard; instead of which I found that it was the dingiest collection of shabby buildings. We made our way into a dismal little square of the most dismal houses imaginable, which were divided into sets of rooms, let out to different people. Notices saying, ‘To Let, To Let, To Let,’ glared at me from empty rooms, as if no new wretches ever came there. Mr. Wemmick led me into a corner and up a flight of stairs, which were very rickety, to a set of rooms at the top. MR. POCKET JUN. was painted on the door and there was a label on the letter-box ‘Return shortly.’

‘He hardly thought you’d come so soon,’ Mr. Wemmick explained. ‘You don’t want me any more?’

‘No, thank you,’ said I.

‘As I keep the cash,’ Mr. Wemmick observed, ‘we shall most likely meet pretty often. Good day.’

‘Good day.’

Mr. Pocket Junior’s idea of ‘shortly’ was not mine, for I had been looking out at a grimy window for nearly half an hour, before I heard foot-

steps on the stairs. Gradually a figure came into sight.

‘Mr. Pip?’ said he.

‘Mr. Pocket?’ said I.

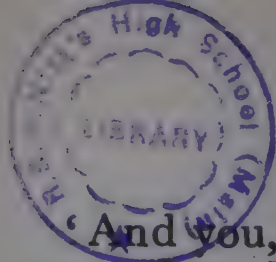
He began to wrestle with the door into his rooms, which seemed very stiff.

‘Dear me!’ said Mr. Pocket Junior. ‘This door sticks so!’

For a reason that I had, I began to think that this was a dream, as I stared at him. Suddenly the door yielded so suddenly that he staggered back upon me, and I staggered back against the opposite door. We both laughed. But still I felt as if this must really be a dream.

‘Pray come in,’ said Mr. Pocket Junior. ‘Allow me to lead the way. It is rather bare here, but I hope you’ll be able to put up with it till Monday. My father thought you would get on more pleasantly tomorrow with me than with him, and might like to take a walk about London. I am sure I shall be very happy to show London to you. This is our sitting room—just such chairs and tables and carpet and so forth, you see, as they could spare from home. This is my little bedroom; rather musty, but Barnard’s *is* musty. This is your bedroom; the furniture’s hired for the occasion, but I hope it will do. If you should want anything, I’ll go and fetch it. The rooms are quiet, and we shall be alone together, but we shan’t fight, I dare say.’

As I stood opposite Mr. Pocket Junior, I saw the surprised expression come into his own eyes that I knew to be in mine, and he said, falling back, ‘Lord bless me, you’re the prowling boy!’



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‘And you,’ said I, ‘are the pale young gentleman whom I met at Miss Havisham’s!’

CHAPTER 11 29/11

THE pale young gentleman and I stood looking at one another until we both burst out laughing. ‘The idea of it’s being you!’ said he. ‘The idea of it’s being *you*!’ said I. And then we looked at one another again, and laughed again. ‘Well!’ said the pale young gentleman, giving me his hand good-humouredly. ‘It’s all over now, I hope, and I trust that we shall be the best of friends.’

We shook hands warmly.

‘You hadn’t come into your good fortune at that time?’ said Herbert Pocket.

‘No,’ I said.

‘No,’ he replied. ‘I heard it had happened very lately. I was rather on the look-out for good fortune then.’

‘Indeed?’

‘Yes. Miss Havisham had sent for me, to see if she could take a fancy to me. But she couldn’t—at all event’s she didn’t. Yes, she had sent for me on a trial visit, and if I had come out of it successfully, I suppose I should have been provided for; for perhaps I should have been engaged to Estella.’

‘What’s that?’ I asked quickly, and then, ‘How did you bear your disappointment?’ I added.

‘Pooh!’ said he. ‘I didn’t care much for it. *She’s* a Tartar!’

‘Miss Havisham?’

‘I don’t say no to that, but I meant Estella. That girl’s hard and haughty and capricious as

she can be, and has been brought up by Miss Havisham to take revenge on all the male sex.'

'What relation is she to Miss Havisham?'

'None,' said he. 'Only adopted.'

Why should she take revenge on all the male sex? What revenge?'

'Lord, Mr. Pip!' said he. 'Don't you know!'

'No,' said I.

'Dear me! It's quite a story and shall be saved till dinner-time. And now, will you let me ask you a question? How did you happen to come there to Satis House the day we fought?'

I told him and he listened carefully till I had finished.

'Mr. Jaggers is your guardian, I understand?' he went on.

'Yes.'

'He was so good as to suggest my father for your tutor. Of course, he knew about my father from his connection with Miss Havisham. My father is Miss Havisham's cousin.'

The more I saw and heard of my new companion, the more I liked him. He impressed me as one who could not do anything secret or mean. He had a frank and pleasant way with him that was very attractive.

As we were talking together, dinner was brought in, and we sat down together. We had made some progress with the meal, when I reminded Herbert of his promise to tell me about Miss Havisham.

'Quite right,' he said. 'I must tell you what I know without further delay,' and then he began to tell me the story of Miss Havisham, a story which explained to me things that had puzzled

and perplexed me at Satis House. Here is what he told me during our first meal together :

Miss Havisham was the child of a wealthy gentleman in our part of the country. He was a brewer. Her mother had died when she was a baby, and her father could deny her nothing. She was his only child by his first marriage. But he married again and she had a half-brother, who, when he grew to be a young man, proved to be wild and extravagant. When her father died, Miss Havisham was left with a great fortune. Her half-brother was also left well-off, but not so well-off as his sister. He wasted his fortune. He fell deeply into debt.

Miss Havisham, with her wealth, was looked upon as a great match. Then there appeared on the scene a man who made love to her. He was a showy man who was not a true gentleman. But somehow he attracted the heiress and she fell passionately in love with him. He managed to get great sums of money from her. She could refuse him nothing. Her cousin, Mr. Matthew Pocket, warned her against this lover, but she would pay no heed, and, in great anger, she ordered her cousin out of her house.

The day for the marriage was fixed, the wedding dresses were bought, the wedding guests were invited. The day came, but not the bridegroom. He wrote a letter,—At this point in the story, I struck in, ‘when she was dressing for her marriage? At twenty minutes to nine?

‘At the hour and minute,’ said Herbert, nodding, ‘at which she afterwards stopped all the clocks. What was in the letter, further than that it most

heartlessly broke the marriage off, I can't tell you, because I don't know. When she recovered from a bad illness that she had, she laid the whole place waste, as you have seen it, and she has never since looked upon the light of day.'

'Is that all the story? I asked, after a short silence.

"All I know of it. But I have forgotten one thing. It has been thought that her supposed lover, whom she trusted so completely, acted throughout in a conspiracy with her half-brother; and that they shared the profits.'

'What became of the two men?' I then asked.

'They fell into deeper shame and ruin.'

'Are they alive now?'

'I don't know.'

'You said just now that Estella was not related to Miss Havisham, but adopted. When adopted?'

Herbert shrugged his shoulders. 'There has always been an Estella, since I have heard of a Miss Havisham. I know no more. And now, Pip,' he said, finally throwing off the story, as it were, 'all I know about Miss Havisham, 'you know.'

'And all I know,' I replied, 'you know.'

Early on Monday afternoon, Herbert Pocket took me by coach to Hammersmith, to his father's house. Mr. Pocket said he was glad to see me, and he hoped I was not sorry to see him. 'For I really am not,' he added with the same pleasant smile that his son had 'an alarming person.' He was a young-looking man, in spite of very grey hair, and his manner seemed quite natural. Mrs. Pocket was pleasant too, but very absent-minded. And there turned out to be seven young Pockets,

Herbert's juniors. There were two other young men living with the Pockets and being tutored by Mr. Pocket. Their names were Drummle and Startop. Mr. Pocket took me to their rooms soon after my arrival, and introduced me to them. Drummle, an old-looking young man, heavily built, was whistling. Startop, younger both in years and appearance, was reading and holding his head, rather as if he feared it might explode with too much knowledge.

After two or three days, when I had begun to feel settled down, Mr. Pocket and I had a long talk together. He knew more of the career that lay before me than I did myself. He told me that according to my guardian Mr. Jaggers I was not expected to prepare myself for any profession. My education was to be such that I could 'hold my own' with the average of young men who were well off.

I began to work in earnest under the guidance of Mr. Pocket. I decided that I should like to keep my bedroom in Herbert Pocket's rooms in Barnard's Inn and so be able to spend time with him when I wished to do so. Mr. Pocket did not object to this arrangement, but said that the proposal should be submitted to Mr. Jaggers. So I went to see Mr. Jaggers at his dismal office, and told him what I wanted to do.

'If I could buy the furniture now hired for me,' said I, 'and one or two other little things, I should be quite at home there.'

After some discussion it was decided that Wemmick should pay me twenty pounds to enable me to do this. 'Wemmick!' said Mr. Jaggers, opening

his office doors, 'Take Mr. Pip's written order and pay him twenty pounds.' Mr. Jaggers had to go out and I stayed on to talk with Wemmick. I said to him that I hardly knew what to make of Mr. Jagger's manner.

'Tell him that, and he'll take it as a compliment,' answered Wemmick; he doesn't mean that you *should* know what to make of it.'

Wemmick was at his desk, lunching—and crunching—on a dry, hard biscuit, pieces of which he threw from time to time into his slit of a mouth, as if he were posting them.

'Always seems to me,' said Wemmick, 'as if he had set a man-trap and was watching it. Suddenly—click—you're caught!'

I said I supposed he was very skilful.

'Deep,' said Wemmick 'as Australia, pointing with his pen at the floor to show that Australia was understood to be exactly on the opposite side of the globe. 'If there was anything deeper.' added Wemmick, bringing his pen to paper, 'he'd be it.'

We talked on together. In the course of our conversation, Wemmick suddenly asked, 'Have you dined with Mr. Jaggers yet?'

'Not yet.'

'Well,' said Wemmick, 'I'll tell you something. When you go to dine with Mr. Jaggers look at his housekeeper.'

'Shall I see something very uncommon?'

'Well,' said Wemmick, 'you'll see a wild beast tamed. Not so very uncommon, you'll tell me. I reply, that depends on the original wildness of the beast, and the amount of taming. It won't lower

your opinion of Mr. Jaggers' powers. Keep your eye on it.'

I told him I would do so, with all the interest and curiosity that his preparation awakened.

CHAPTER 12

① BENTLEY DRUMMLE, one of my companions at the Pockets', was so sulky a fellow that he took up a book as if its writer had done him an injury. He was heavy in appearance, movement, and mind. He was idle, proud, niggardly, reserved and suspicious. His family were rich people down in Somersetshire.

② Startop, my other companion, had been spoiled by an indulgent mother, and kept at home when he ought to have been at school, but he was devotedly attached to her and admired her greatly. He had a woman's fineness of feature, and was—'as you may see, though you never saw her,' said Herbert to me—'exactly like his mother.' It was only natural that I should take to him much more kindly than to Drummle. The three of us had boats that we used to row in the evenings on the river Thames which flowed past the garden of the house. Startop and I used to row home together, talking from boat to boat, while Bently Drummle came up in our wake alone, under the overhanging banks and among the rushes.

Soon after Wemmick had asked me if I had as yet dined with my guardian and had told me about his strange housekeeper, Mr. Jaggers, when I was in his office one day, gave me the invitation for which I had been hoping. He invited me, Drummle, Startop and Herbert. 'No ceremony,'

he said, 'no dinner dress, and say tomorrow.'

I asked him where we should come to (for I had no idea where he lived) and he replied, 'Come here, and I'll take you home with me.'

My friends and I went to the office next day at six o'clock. When we followed him into the street, there were some people slinking about as usual who were evidently anxious to speak with him, but his look must have been forbidding, for they did not even accost him and gave it up for that day. As we walked along westward, he was recognized over and over again by some face in the crowd of the streets, and whenever that happened, he talked louder to me; but he never otherwise recognized anyone, or took notice that anyone recognized him.

He took us to Gerrard Street, Soho, to a house which was quite impressive, but sadly in need of painting, and which had dirty windows. He took out his key and opened the door, and we all went into a stone hall, bare, gloomy, and little used. Then, up a dark brown staircase into a series of three dark brown rooms on the first floor.

Dinner was served in the best of these rooms. The table was comfortably laid and at the side of Mr. Jagger's chair was a large trolley, with a variety of bottles on it and four dishes of fruit for desert. I noticed throughout that he kept everything under his own hand, and distributed everything himself.

There was a bookcase in the room. I saw from the backs of the books that they were law books. The furniture was all very solid and good. There was nothing merely ornamental to be seen.

As he had scarcely seen my companions until now—for he and I had walked together—he stood on the hearth-rug, after ringing the bell, and took a searching look at them. To my surprise, he seemed at once to be principally, if not solely, interested in Drummle.

‘Pip,’ said he, putting his large hand on my shoulder, and moving me to the window, ‘I don’t know one from the other. Who’s the Spider?’

‘The spider!’ said I.

‘The blotchy, sprawly, sulky fellow.’

‘That’s Bentley Drummle,’ I replied; ‘the one with the delicate face is Startop.’

Paying no attention to ‘the one with the delicate face,’ he returned, ‘Bentley Drummle, is his name, is it? I like the look of that fellow.’

He immediately began to talk to Drummle, not at all put off by his replying in his heavy, reticent way. I was looking at the two, when there came between me and them the housekeeper, with the first dish for the table.

She was a woman of about forty, I supposed—but I may have thought her younger than she was. Rather tall, extremely pale, with large faded eyes, and a quantity of streaming hair. ~~Her lips were strangely parted as if she were panting.~~ She set the dish on the table, touched my guardian quietly on the arm with a finger to show that dinner was ready, and vanished. No other servant appeared. I observed that whenever she was in the room, she kept her eyes attentively on my guardian.

Towards the end of the meal, we were talking about our rowing seats at Hammersmith. Drummle, encouraged by my guardian, began to bare

and show off his arm to prove how muscular it was. We all began to follow his example in the most ridiculous way.

Now the housekeeper was at that time clearing the table. My guardian seemed to be paying no heed to her, but to be giving all his attention to Drummle. Suddenly, he clapped his large hand on the housekeeper's like a trap, as she stretched it across the table.

'If you talk of strength,' said Mr. Jaggers, '*I'll* show you a wrist. Molly, let them see your wrist.'

Her entrapped hand was on the table, but she had already put her other hand behind her waist.

'Master,' she said, in a low voice, with her eyes attentively and entreatingly fixed on him, 'don't.'

'*I'll* show you a wrist,' repeated Mr. Jaggers with a fixed determination to show it. 'Molly, let them see your wrist.'

'Master,' she again murmured. 'Please!'

'Molly,' said Mr. Jaggers, not looking at her, 'let them see *both* your wrists.....Show them. Come!'

He took his hand from hers, and turned that wrist up on the table. She brought her other hand from behind her, and held the two out, side by side. The last wrist was much disfigured—deeply scarred and scarred across and across. When she held her hands out, she took her eyes from Mr. Jaggers and turned them watchfully on every one of the rest of us in succession.

'There's power here,' said Mr. Jaggers, coolly tracing out the sinews of her wrist with his forefinger. 'Very few men have the power of wrist that this woman has. It's remarkable what mere

force of grip there is in these hands. I have had occasion to notice many hands, but I never saw stronger ones in that respect, man's or woman's, than these.'

The moment he stopped speaking, she looked at him again. 'That's all, Molly,' said Mr. Jagger's giving her a slight nod. 'You have been admired, and can go.' She withdrew her hands and went out of the room.

Mr. Jaggers placed decanters on the table from the trolley beside his chair, filled his glass, and passed round the wine.

'At half-past nine, gentlemen,' said he, 'we must break up. Pray, make the best use of your time. I am glad to see you all. Mr. Drummle, I drink to you.'

Drummle, encouraged by the special attention that Mr. Jaggers showed him, became more and more disagreeable in his behaviour to the rest of us. I daresay we all took too much to drink, and we talked too much. At one point, a joke that Startop made was resented by Drummle as having been made at his expense. Drummle, without any threat or warning, took up a large glass, and would have flung it at Startop's head, but for our host's skilfully seizing it just when it was raised for the purpose.

'Gentlemen,' said Mr. Jaggers, putting the glass down on the table, and taking out his large gold watch, 'I am exceedingly sorry to announce that it's half-past nine.'

On this hint we all rose to depart. Herbert and I were staying in town, the other two returning to Hammersmith. As the front door was not

yet shut, I thought I would leave Herbert for a moment waiting outside and run upstairs to say a word to my guardian.

I went back and told him, I had come up again to say how sorry I was that anything disagreeable should have occurred, and that I hoped he would not blame me much.

‘Pooh!’ said he, ‘it’s nothing, Pip. I like that Spider though.’ This was the name he had given to his favourite Bentley Drummle.

‘I am glad you like him, Sir,’ said I—‘but I don’t.’

‘No, no,’ my guardian assented, ‘don’t have too much to do with him. Keep as clear of him as you can. But I like the fellow, Pip; he is one of the true sort. Why, if I was a fortune-teller—’

He caught my eye. ‘But I am not a fortune-teller,’ he said. ‘You know what I am, don’t you?’ ‘Good-night, Pip.’

‘Good-night, Sir.’

In about a month after that, the Spider’s time with Mr. Pocket was up for good, and, to the great relief of all of us, he went home to the family hole.

CHAPTER 13

NOT long after this visit to my guardian’s I heard from my old friend Joe Gargery that Miss Havisham had sent for him. When Joe went to Satis House to see her, she gave him a message to deliver to me to the effect that Estella had come home and would be glad to see me. When I received this news, it set my heart beating quickly and I was filled with the desire to see Estella again. I

made up my mind to go down to our part of the country at once and to visit Satis House.

It would have seemed the natural thing for me to go back to my old home and to stay with Joe and my sister and Biddy. But I began to invent reasons for not doing what was the natural thing. I told myself that my unexpected arrival would be an inconvenience to them all, and I persuaded myself that it would be the best plan to stay in the neighbouring town at the Blue Boar, which was near Miss Havisham's. It would be more convenient from that point of view and would also save Joe and Biddy trouble. To my disgrace, the truth was that I felt ashamed of my old home and my old friends, and had grown too fine a young gentleman to feel that I would be quite happy there and at my ease with them.

The day after I had received the message from Miss Havisham, I left London by the afternoon coach. I reached the Blue Boar, where I had made up my mind to stay, after dark had fallen.

Early next morning I was up and out. My mind was full of brilliant pictures of the plans that my patroness Miss Havisham had made for me.

She had adopted Estella, she had practically adopted me, and it must surely be her intention to bring us together. It was her purpose that I should restore the desolate house, admit the sunshine into the dark rooms, set the clocks a-going and the cold hearths a-blazing, tear down the cobwebs, destroy the vermin—in short, do all the shining deeds of the young Knight of romance, and marry the princess. Such were the bright thoughts which filled my mind as I approached

Satis House. I knew that I loved Estella. I loved her simply because I found her irresistible. I loved her against reason.

When I had rung the bell with an unsteady hand, I turned my back upon the gate, while I tried to get my breath and keep the beating of my heart moderately quiet. I heard steps coming across the courtyard; but I pretended not to hear, even when the gate swung on its rusty hinges.

Being at last touched on the shoulder, I started and turned. I started much more naturally then, to find myself confronted by a man, in a sober grey dress. The last man I should have expected to see in that place of porter at Miss Havisham's door.

‘Orlick!’

‘Ah, young master, there's more changes than yours. But come in, come in. It's against my orders, to hold the gate open.’

I entered, and he swung it, and locked it, and took the key out. ‘Yes!’ said he, as he led me towards the house. ‘Here I am!’

‘Then you have left the forge?’ I said.

‘Does this look like a forge?’ replied Orlick. ‘Now, does it look like it?’

I asked him how long he had left Gargery's forge.

‘One day is so like another here,’ he replied, ‘that I don't know without counting it. However, I came here some time after you left.’

‘I could have told you that, Orlick,

‘Ah!’ said he drily. ‘But then you've become a scholar!’

‘Well,’ said I, when we had got to the door of

the house, 'shall I go up to Miss Havisham?'

'Burn me, if I know,' he retorted. 'My orders end here, young master. I give this bell a rap with this hammer, and you go on along the passage till you meet someone.'

'I am expected, I believe?'

'Burn me twice over, if I can say!' said he.

Upon that, I turned down the long passage, which I had first trodden in my thick boots, and he made his bell resound. At the end of the passage, while the bell was still reverberating, I found Sarah Pocket.

'Oh!' said she. 'You, is it, Mr. Pip?'

'It is, Miss Pocket. I am glad to tell you that Mr. Pocket and family are all well.'

'Are they any wiser?' said Sarah with a dismal shake of the head. Then, 'You know your way, Sir?' she asked.

Reasonably well, surely, for I had gone up the staircase in the dark, many a time. I ascended it now, in lighter boots than formerly, and tapped in my old way at the door of miss Havisham's room. 'Pip's rap,' I heard her say immediately. 'Come in Pip.' 5112

She was in her chair, near the old table, in the old dress, with her two hands crossed on her stick, her chin resting on them, and her eyes on the fire. Sitting near her, with the white shoe, that had never been worn, in her hand, and her head bent as she looked at it, was an elegant lady whom I had never seen.

'Come in Pip,' Miss Havisham continued to mutter, without looking round or up. 'Come in, Pip; how do you do, Pip? So you kiss my hand

as if I were a queen, eh?—Well?’

She looked up at me suddenly, only moving her eyes, and repeating in a grimly playful manner.

‘Well?’

‘I heard, Miss Havisham,’ said I, rather at a loss, ‘that you were so kind as to wish me to come and see you, and I came directly.’

The lady whom I had never seen before lifted her eyes, and looked at me, and then I saw that the eyes were Estella’s eyes. But she was so much changed, was so much more beautiful, so much more womanly, had grown so much in the things that were worthy of admiration, that I seemed to have made no advance myself. I fancied, as I looked at her, that I slipped hopelessly back into the coarse and common boy again. Oh, the sense of distance and difference that came upon me, and the feeling that she could never be attained by me!

She gave me her hand. I stammered something about the pleasure I felt in seeing her again, and about my having looked forward to it for a long, long time.

‘Do you find her much changed, Pip?’ asked Miss Havisham with her greedy look, and striking her stick upon a chair that stood between them as a sign to me to sit down there.

‘When I came in, Miss Havisham, I thought there was nothing of Estella in the face or appearance, but now it all settles down curiously into the old—.’

‘What? You are not going to say into the old Estella?’ Miss Havisham interrupted. ‘She was proud and insulting, and you wanted to go away

from her. Don't you remember?'

I said in confusion that that was long ago, and that I knew no better then, and so on. Estella smiled perfectly calmly, and said that no doubt I had been quite right and that she had been very disagreeable.

'Is *he* changed?' Miss Havisham asked her.

'Very much,' said Estella, looking at me.

'Less coarse and common?' said Miss Havisham, playing with Estella's hair.

Estella laughed, and looked at the shoe in her hand, and laughed again, and looked at me, and put the shoe down. She treated me as a boy still, but she drew me on.

I then learned that she had just come home from France and that she was going to London. It was settled that I should stay there all the rest of the day and return to the hotel at night, and go back to London tomorrow. When we had talked for a little while, Miss Havisham sent us two out to walk in the neglected garden. When we came in, she said, I should wheel her about a little as in former times.

As we walked about in the overgrown garden, Estella and I talked about past times. I could remember vividly every incident. I reminded Estella of how; when my visits to Miss Havisham were over, she used to bring out food and drink for me and give them to me outside the house. She only said, 'I don't remember.' 'Not remember that you made me cry?' said I in surprise. 'No,' said she and shook her head and looked about her.

'You must know,' said Estella then, turning to me and looking at me steadily, 'that I have

no heart—if that has anything to do with my memory.’

I said something to the effect that I did not believe that. That I knew better. That there could be no such beauty as hers without a heart.

‘Oh! I have a heart to be stabbed in or shot in; I have no doubt,’ said Estella, ‘and, of course, if it stopped beating; I should die. But you know what I mean. I have no softness there, no—sympathy, feeling, no nonsense of that sort.’

As I gazed at her in wonder, she went on; still looking at me steadily, ‘I am serious. If we are to be thrown much together; you had better believe it at once. No!’ she went on, stopping me as I was about to speak. ‘I have not given my love to anyone else. I have never had any such thing.’

When; after sometime, we went back into the house, Miss Havisham was in her chair and waiting for me. I heard with surprise that my guardian Mr. Jaggers had come down to see Miss Havisham on business and that he would come back to dinner. I began to push Miss Havisham in her chair round the long table on which lay the ashes of the bridal feast. When the time for dinner drew near, Estella left us to prepare herself.

When she had gone, and Miss Havisham and I were left alone together, she turned to me and said in a whisper:

‘Is she beautiful, graceful, well-grown? Do you admire her?’

‘Everybody must who sees her, Miss Havisham.’

She put an arm round my neck and drew my head close down to hers as she sat in the chair.

‘Love her, love her, love her! How does she use you?’

Before I could answer (if I could have answered so difficult a question at all), she repeated, ‘Love her, love her, love her! If she favours you, love her. If she wounds you, love her. If she tears your heart to pieces, love her, love her, love her!’

I did not know what to say. I remained silent.

Hear me, Pip! I adopted her to be loved. I bred her and educated her, to be loved. I developed her into what she is, that she might be loved! Love her!’

She said the word often enough, and there could be no doubt that she meant so say it; but if the often repeated word had been hate instead of love, it could not have sounded from her lips more like a curse.

At this moment, the door opened and my guardian entered. Miss Havisham made a strong attempt to compose herself and stammered that he was as punctual as ever.

‘As punctual as ever,’ he repeated, coming up to us. ‘How do you do, Pip? Shall I give you a ride, Miss Havisham? Once round? And so you are here, Pip?’

I told him when I had arrived and how Miss Havisham wished me to come and see Estella. To which he replied, ‘Ah! Very fine young lady!’ Then he pushed Miss Havisham in her chair before him with one of his large hands, and put the other in his trousers pocket, as if the pocket were full of secrets.

‘Well, Pip! How often have you seen Miss Estella before?’ said he, when he came to stop.

‘How often?’

‘Ah! How many times? Ten thousand times?’

‘Oh! Certainly not so many.’

‘Twice?’

‘Jaggers,’ interrupted Miss Havisham, much to my relief, ‘leave my Pip alone, and go with him to your dinner.’

We went together to the dinner-room where Estella and Miss Pocket were waiting for us. We dined very well, and were waited on by a maid-servant whom I had never seen in all my comings and goings, but who, for anything I knew, had been in that mysterious house the whole time.

Mr. Jaggers that night occupied the room at the Blue Boar next to mine. Far into the night, Miss Havisham’s words, ‘Love her, love her, love her!’ sounded in my ears. I adopted them for my own repetition, and said to my pillow, ‘I love her, I love her, I love her!’ hundreds of times. Then a burst of gratitude came over me that she should be destined for me, once the blacksmith’s boy.

Yes, I thought those were high and great emotions. But I never thought there was anything low and small in my keeping away from Joe, because I knew Estella would be contemptuous of him.

CHAPTER 14

NEXT day Mr. Jaggers and I returned to London together. When I got back to Barnard’s Inn, I found Herbert Pocket at dinner, in which I joined him. Dinner done, as we sat together before the fire, I said to him, ‘My dear Herbert, I have

something very particular to tell you.'

'My dear Pip,' he turned, 'I shall respect your confidence.'

'It concerns myself, Herbert,' said I, 'and one other person.'

Herbert said nothing, but looked into the fire for some time, and then looked at me again because I did not go on.

'Herbert,' said I, laying my hand upon his knee, 'I love—I adore—Estella.'

Instead of showing surprise, Herbert replied in an easy matter-of-course way, 'Exactly. Well?'

'Well, Herbert. Is that all you say? Well?'

'What next, I mean?' said Herbert. 'Of course I know *that*.'

'How do you know?' said I.

'How do I know, Pip? Why, from you.'

'I never told you.'

'Told me! you have never told me when you have got your hair cut, but I have noticed it. You have always adored her, ever since I have known you. Told me! Why you have always told me all day long. When you told me your own story, you told me plainly that you began adoring her the first time you saw her, when you were very young indeed.'

'Very well, then,' said I. 'I have never left off adoring her. And she has come back, a most beautiful and most elegant creature. And I saw her yesterday. And if I adored her before, I now doubly adore her.'

'Lucky for you, then Pip,' said Herbert, 'that you are picked out for her and allotted to her. By the way, I suppose we may assume that there can

be no doubt of that fact? Have you any ideas yet of Estella's views on the whole matter?'

I shook my head gloomily. 'Oh! She is thousands of miles away from me,' said I.

'Patience, my dear Pip; time enough, time enough. But you have something more to say?'

'You call me a lucky fellow. Of course I am. I was a blacksmith's boy only yesterday! I am—what shall I say today?'—I paused for a moment and then went on.

'You say I am lucky. I know I have done nothing to raise myself in life, and that Fortune alone has raised me; that is being very lucky. And yet when I think of Estella—then, Herbert, I cannot tell you how dependent and uncertain I feel and how exposed to hundreds of chances. I may still say that on the constancy of one person (naming no person) all my expectations depend. And at the best, how indefinite and unsatisfactory, only to know so vaguely what they are!' In saying this, I relieved my mind of what had always been there, more or less, though no doubt most since yesterday.

'Now, Pip,' Herbert replied, 'it seems to me that you are being over-anxious and worried. Didn't you tell me that your guardian Mr. Jaggers told you in the beginning that you were not endowed with great *expectations* only? And can you believe that Mr. Jaggers, of all men in London, would maintain his present connection with you, unless he were quite sure of his ground?'

I said I could not deny that this was a strong point.

'I should think it *was* a strong point,' said

Herbert. 'As to the rest, you must wait your guardian's time, and he must wait his client's time. You'll be twenty-one years old before you know where you are, and then perhaps you'll get some further enlightenment on the mystery. At all events you'll be nearer getting it for it must come at last.'

'What a hopeful nature you have!' said I gratefully, admiring his cheerful ways.

'And now, Pip,' he said, 'I have something to tell you in turn. It is that I am engaged. But this is a secret, and I know that I can trust you to keep it.'

I assured him that I would do so and asked if he would give me more details.

'May I ask her name?' I said.

'Her name is Clara,' said Herbert.

'Does she live in London?'

'Yes. Perhaps I ought to mention,' said Herbert, 'that she is rather below my mother's ideas of what would be suitable. Clara's father had to do with the provisioning of passenger-ships. I think he was a kind of purser.'

'What is he now?' said I.

'He's an invalid now,' replied Herbert.

'Living on—?'

'On the first floor,' said Herbert, which was not at all what I had meant, for I had meant my question to apply to his means.

'I have never seen him,' went on Herbert, 'for he has always kept his room upstairs, since I have known Clara. But I have heard him constantly. He makes tremendous rows—roars and bangs on the floor with some frightful instrument.'

Herbert looked at me and then laughed heartily.

‘Don’t you expect to see him?’ said I.

‘Oh yes, I constantly expect to see him,’ returned Herbert, ‘because I never hear him without expecting him to come tumbling through the ceiling. But I don’t know how long the rafters may hold.’

When he had once more laughed he became serious again and told me that as soon as he began to realize Capital, it was his intention to marry this young lady. ‘But,’ he added rather sadly, ‘you *can’t* marry, you know, while you’re only looking about you for better possibilities, as I am at present.’

CHAPTER 15

ONE day when I was busy working along with Mr. Pocket, I received a note by the post which threw me into a great flutter: for, though I had never seen the handwriting in which it was addressed, I guessed whose hand it was. It had no set beginning such as Dear Mr. Pip, or Dear Pip, or Dear Sir, or Dear anything, but ran thus:

‘I am to come to London the day after tomorrow by the midday coach. I believe it was settled you should meet me? At all events Miss Havisham has that impression, and I write in obedience to it. She sends you her regards.’

Yours, ESTELLA.

If there had been time, I should probably have ordered several suits of clothes for this occasion; but as there was not, I had to be content with those I had. My appetite vanished instantly, and I knew no rest or peace till the day arrived. Not

that its arrival brought me either, for then I was worse than ever, and began haunting the coach-office in London before the coach had left the Blue Boar in our town. In spite of the fact that I knew this perfectly, I still felt as it were not safe to let the coach-office be out of my sight longer than five minutes at a time.

At long, long last the time of the coach's arrival approached, and when finally it came rolling in and stopped, I saw Estella's face at the window and her hand waving to me. In her furred travelling-dress, Estella seemed more delicately beautiful than she had ever seemed yet, even in my eyes. We stood in the inn yard while she pointed out her luggage to me, and when it was all collected, I remembered—having forgotten everything but herself in the meanwhile—that I knew nothing of her destination.

‘I am going to Richmond in Surrey,’ she told me. ‘The distance is ten miles. I am to have a carriage and you are to take me. This is my purse and you are to pay my charges out of it. Oh, you must take the purse! We have no choice, you and I, but to obey our instructions. We are not free to follow our own devices, you and I.’

‘A carriage will have to be sent for, Estella. Will you rest here a little?’

‘Yes, I am to rest here a little, and I am to drink some tea, and you are to take care of me the while.’

We went to a room in the inn where Estella could rest until the carriage was ready which was to take her to Richmond.

‘Where are you going to at Richmond?’ I

asked Estella.

‘I am going to live,’ she said, ‘at a great expense with a lady there who has the power—or says she has—of taking me about, and introducing me, and showing people to me and showing me to people.’

‘I suppose you will be glad of variety and admiration?’

‘Yes, I suppose so.’

She answered so carelessly that I said, ‘You speak of yourself as if you were someone else.’

I rang for tea, which was at last brought to us. When the bill had been paid and the waiter tipped, the coach which was to take us to Richmond was announced as being ready. We got into it and drove away. As we drove through the streets of the city, we talked together. It was principally about the way by which we were travelling. The great city was almost new to her, she told me. I asked her if my guardian Mr. Jaggers had any charge of her while she remained here. To that she emphatically said, ‘God forbid!’ and no more.

When we passed through the district of Hammersmith where Mr. Mathew Pocket lived, I showed her where his house was, and said it was not far from Richmond, and that I hoped I should see her sometimes.

‘Oh yes, you are to see me; you are to come when you think proper.’

I asked if it was a large household she was going to be a member of.

‘No; there are only two, mother and daughter. The mother is a lady of some social position, though not averse to increasing her income by taking me into her home.’

‘I wonder Miss Havisham could part with you again so soon.’

‘It is a part of Miss Havisham’s plans for me,’ Pip, said Estella, with a sigh, as if she was tired. ‘I am to write to her constantly and see her regularly, and report how I get on—I and the jewels—for they are nearly all mine now.’

We came to Richmond all too soon. We stopped at an old staid house, dignified and belonging to the past. Two maids came out to meet Estella. Her luggage was taken in, and she gave me her hand and a smile and disappeared indoors. And still I stood looking at the house, thinking how happy I should be if I lived there with her, and knowing that I never was happy with her, but always miserable.

I got into the carriage to be taken back to Hammersmith, and I got in with a bad heart-ache, and I got out with a worse heart-ache.

Not long after this, I received, quite unexpectedly the news of my sister’s death and the announcement of the date of her funeral. I wrote at once to Joe, offering him my sympathy and assuring him that I would come to the funeral. It was the first time that death had come so close to me. The figure of my sister in her chair by the kitchen fire haunted me night and day. That the place could possibly be without her was something my mind seemed unable to grasp.

I left London early on the morning of the funeral and got down at the Blue Boar in good time to walk over to the forge. Joe was in the best parlour, seated apart at the upper end of the room, where, as the chief mourner, he had been

assigned his place by the undertaker. When I bent down and said to him, 'Dear Joe, how are you?' he said, 'Pip, old chap, you knew her when she was a fine figure of a woman,' and clasped my hand and said no more.

Biddy, looking very neat and modest in her black dress, went quietly here and there, and was very helpful. When I had spoken to Biddy, as I thought it not a time for talking, I went and sat down near Joe. When the time came, my sister's body was carried out to the churchyard on the marshes, with the river near at hand making its way to the sea. It was there, so many years ago now, that I had met with the terrible man in grey with the chain on his leg, for whom I had stolen the file and the pork pie. There close to the graves of the parents I had never known, Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana, wife of the above, my sister was laid quietly in the earth, while the larks sang high above it and the light wind strewed it with beautiful shadows of clouds and trees.

That evening I asked Biddy as we walked in the garden in the twilight to tell me the details of my sister's death.

'They are very slight, poor thing,' said Biddy. 'She had been in one of her bad states—though they had got better of late, rather than worse—for four days, when she came out of it in the evening, just at tea-time, and said quite plainly, 'Joe'. As she had never said any word for a long time, I ran and fetched Mr. Gargery from the forge. She made signs to me that she wanted him to sit down close to her and wanted me to put her arms around

his neck. So I put them round his neck and she laid her head down on his shoulder quiet content and satisfied. And so she presently said 'Joe' again, and once 'Pardon,' and once 'Pip.' And so she never lifted her head up any more; and it was just an hour later when we laid her down on her own bed; because we found she was gone.'

Biddy cried, the darkening garden, and the lane, and the stars that were coming out, were blurred in my own sight.

'Nothing was ever discovered, Biddy, about who attacked her.'

'Nothing.'

'Do you know what is become of Orlick?'

'I should think from the colour of his clothes that he is walking in the quarries.'

'Of course you have seen him then?—Why are you looking at that dark tree in the lane?'

'I saw him there, on the night she died.'

'That was not the last time either, Biddy?'

'No, I have seen him there since we have been walking here.—It is no use,' said Biddy, laying her hand upon my arm, as I was about to run out. 'You know I would not deceive you; he was not there a minute, and he is gone.'

I was angry to know that Biddy was being pursued by this fellow, and I told her that I would spend any money or take any pains to drive him out of that country. By degrees she led me into a more restrained way of speaking, and then she told me how Joe loved me, and how Joe never complained of anything—she didn't say of me; she had no need; I knew what she meant—but always did his duty in his way of life, with a strong

hand, a quiet tongue, and a gentle heart.

‘Indeed, it would be hard to say too much for him,’ said I; ‘and Biddy, we must often speak of these things, for, of course I shall be often down here now. I am not going to leave poor Joe alone.’

Biddy said nothing for sometime. Her silence made me uncomfortable. Then she stopped, and looking at me under the stars with a clear and honest eye, she asked me quietly:

‘Are you quite sure that you *will* come to see him often?’

‘Oh dear me!’ said I, feeling very displeased with Biddy for speaking to me like this. ‘This is really a very bad side of human nature! Don’t say any more, if you please, Biddy. This shocks me very much.’

During the rest of the evening before going to bed, I kept Biddy very much at a distance and as often as I was restless during the night, I thought what an unkindness, what an injury, what an injustice Biddy had done me.

Early in the morning I was to go. Early in the morning I was out and looking in, unseen, at one of the windows of the forge. There I stood, for some minutes, looking at Joe already at work.

‘Good-bye, dear Joe,’ I cried. ‘I shall be down soon and often.’

‘Never too soon,’ replied Joe, as we shook hands, and ‘never too often, Pip.’

Biddy was waiting for me at the kitchen door, ready to say Good-bye.

‘Biddy,’ said I, as I gave her my hand, ‘I am not hungry, but I am hurt.’

‘No, don’t be hurt,’ she pleaded quite pathetically. ‘Let only me be hurt, if I have been ungenerous.’

Once more, as when I first set out for London, the morning mists were rising as I walked away. If they revealed to me, as I suspect they did, that I should *not* come back, and that Biddy was quite right, all I can say is—they were quite right too.

CHAPTER 16

SINCE I had first come to London and settled in Barnard’s Inn with Herbert Pocket I had grown into a very lavish way of living. I began to run into debt. I could hardly begin but my friend Herbert must begin too, so he soon followed. From time to time we made up our minds to take things in hand, but we never seemed to get further than the making of a list of our debts, and that was all. It was an extremely unsatisfactory state of affairs, and I felt that my great expectations had not proved at all helpful to Herbert, whatever they might have been to me. Herbert and I went on from bad to worse. Time passed, and I came of age. Herbert himself had come of age eight months before me. We had looked forward to my twenty-first birthday with many speculations and anticipations, for we had both considered that my guardian Mr. Jaggers could hardly help saying something definite on that occasion.

On the day before my birthday I had a note informing me that Mr. Jaggers would be glad if I would call upon him at five in the afternoon of that auspicious day. This convinced us that something great was to happen, and threw me into an

unusual flutter when I went to my guardian's office, a model of punctuality.

It was November, and my guardian was standing before his fire, leaning against the chimney-piece.

'Well, Pip,' said he, 'I must call you Mr. Pip today. Congratulations, Mr. Pip.'

We shook hands, and I thanked him.

'Take a chair, Mr. Pip,' said my guardian.

'Now, my young friend,' my guardian continued, as if I were a witness in the box, 'I am going to have a word or two with you.'

'If you please, sir.'

'What do you suppose,' Mr. Jaggers said bending forward to look at the ground, and then throwing his head back to look at the ceiling, 'What do you suppose you are living at the rate of?'

'At the rate of, sir?'

'At,' repeated Mr. Jaggers, still looking at the ceiling, 'the—rate—of?' And then he looked all round the room; and paused with his pocket-handkerchief in his hand, half-way to his nose.

Reluctantly, I confessed myself quite unable to answer the question. This reply seemed to please Mr. Jaggers, who said, 'I thought so!' and blew his nose with an air of satisfaction.

'Now I have asked *you* a question, my friend,' said Mr. Jaggers. 'Have you anything to ask *me*?'

'Is my benefactor to be made known to me today?' I asked eagerly.

'No. Ask another.'

'Am I to be told soon who it is?'

'Ask another,' said Mr. Jaggers

'Have I anything to receive, sir?'

On that Mr. Jagger said triumphantly, 'I thought we should come to it!' Then he called Wemmick his clerk in, took from him a piece of paper, and then Wemmick disappeared.

'Now, Mr. Pip,' said Mr. Jaggers, attend if you please. You have been drawing pretty freely here; but you are in debt, of course.'

"I am afraid I must say 'yes', sir."

"You know you must say 'yes'; don't you?" said Mr. Jaggers.

'Yes, sir.'

'I don't ask you what you owe, because you don't know; and if you did know, you wouldn't tell me; you would say less. Now take this piece of paper in your hand. You have got it. Very good. Now, unfold it and tell me what it is.'

'This is a bank-note,' said I, 'for five hundred pounds.'

'That is a bank-note,' repeated Mr. Jaggers, 'for five hundred pounds. And a very handsome sum of money too, I think. You consider it so?'

'Undoubtedly.'

'You consider it undoubtedly, a handsome sum of money. Now that handsome sum of money Pip, is your own. It is a present to you on this day, in earnest of your expectations. And at the rate of that handsome sum of money per annum, and at no higher rate, you are to live until the donor of the whole appears. That is to say you will now take your money affairs, entirely into your own hands, and you will draw from Wemmick one hundred and twenty-five pounds a quarter until you are in touch with your benefactor, and no longer with the mere agent. As

I have told you before, I am the mere agent. I carry out my instructions, and I am paid for doing so. I think them unwise, but I am not paid for giving any opinion on their merits.'

After a pause, I said:

'There was a question just now which you would not answer. I hope, I am doing nothing wrong in asking it again?'

'What is it?' said he.

'Is it likely,' I said, after hesitating, 'that my patron, Mr. Jaggers, will soon—.' There I delicately stopped.

'Will soon what?' asked Mr. Jaggers. 'That's no question, as it stands, you know.'

'Will soon come to London,' said I "or summon me elsewhere?'

'Now here,' replied Mr. Jaggers fixing me for the first time with his dark deep-set eyes, 'we must go back to the evening when we first met one another in your village. What did I tell you then, Pip?'

'You told me, Mr. Jaggers, that it might be years hence when that person appeared.'

'Just so,' said Mr. Jaggers; 'that's my answer.'

As we looked full at one another, I felt my breath come quicker in my strong desire to get something out of him. And as I felt that it came quicker, and as I felt that he saw that it came quicker, I felt that I had less chance than ever of getting anything out of him.

'Do you suppose it will still be years hence, Mr Jaggers?'

Mr. Jaggers shook his head. 'Come!' said he. 'I'll be plain with you, my friend Pip. That's a

question I must not be asked. But this I will tell you. When that person makes himself or herself known to you, my part in this business will cease and be at an end. When that person makes himself or herself known to you it will not be necessary for me to know anything about it. And that's all I have got to say.'

We looked at one another until I withdrew my eyes, and looked thoughtfully at the floor. When I raised my eyes again, I found that he had been keenly looking at me all the time, and was doing so still.

'If that is all *you* have to say, sir,' I remarked, 'there can be nothing left for *me* to say.'

And so the source of my great expectations remained unrevealed, whatever my own speculations regarding it might be.

CHAPTER 17

THE lady with whom Estella was placed, Mrs. Brandley by name, was a widow, with one daughter several years older than Estella. They were in what is called a good position, and visited, and were visited by, numbers of people.

In Mrs. Brandley's house and out of Mrs. Brandley's house I suffered every kind and degree of torture that Estella could cause me. She made use of me to tease other admirers. and she had admirers without end. No doubt my jealousy made an admirer of every one who went near her.

I saw her often at Richmond, I heard of her often in town, and I used often to take her and the Brandleys on the river. There were picnics, plays, operas, concerts. parties, all sorts of plea-

tures, through which I pursued her—and they were all miseries to me. I never had one hour's happiness in her society, and yet my mind all round the four-and-twenty hours was harping on the happiness of having her with me throughout life.

During all this time she nearly always adopted a tone which suggested that our association was something forced upon us. But occasionally there was something in her manner which seemed to pity me.

'Pip, Pip,' she said one evening, when we were sitting together at a window of the house in Richmond, 'will you never take warning?'

'Of what?'

'Of me.'

'Warning not to be attracted by you, do you mean, Estella?'

'Do I mean! If you don't know what I mean, you are blind.'

'At any rate,' said I. 'I have no warning given me just now, for you wrote to me to come to you this time.'

'That's true,' said Estella with a cold, careless smile that always chilled me.

After looking at the twilight outside for a little while, she went on to say:

'The time has come round when Miss Havisham wishes to have me for a day at Satis House. You are to take me there and bring me back, if you will. She would rather I did not travel alone. Can you take me?'

'Can I take you, Estella!'

'You can then? The day after tomorrow, if you

please. You are to pay all the charges out of my purse. You hear the condition of your going?'

'And must obey,' said I.

This was all the preparation I received for that visit, or for others like it. Miss Havisham never wrote to me, nor had I ever so much as seen her handwriting. We went down on the next day but one, and we found her in the room where I had first seen her, and it is needless to add that there was no change in Satis House.

She was even more dreadfully fond of Estella than she had been when I last saw them together. She hung upon Estella's beauty, hung upon her words; hung upon her gestures.

From Estella she looked at me, with a searching glance that seemed to pry into my heart and probe its wounds. 'How does she use you, Pip, how does she use you?' she asked me again, with her witch-like eagerness, even in Estella's hearing. She would sit with Estella, drawing from her the names and positions of the men whom she had fascinated.

I saw in all this that Estella was intended to wreak Miss Havisham's revenge on men for all that she herself had been made to suffer.

That night Estella and I played cards as in the old days—only we were skilful now and played French games—and so the evening wore away, and I went to bed. It was the first time I had ever laid down to sleep in Satis House, and sleep refused to come near me. A thousand Miss Havishams haunted me. At last I felt that I could no longer bear to remain in bed. So I got up, put on my clothes, and went out across the yard into

the long stone passage, intending to reach the outer courtyard and walk there for the relief of my mind. But I was no sooner in the passage than I put out the candle I had brought with me, for I saw Miss Havisham going along it in a ghostly fashion, making a low cry. I followed her at a distance and saw her go up the staircase. She carried a candle in her hand and was a most unearthly object by its light. Standing at the bottom of the staircase, I could smell the dank air of the feast-chamber without seeing her open the door, and I heard her walking there, and so across into her own room, and so across again into that, never stopping the low cry. After a time I tried in the dark both to get out and to go back, but I could do neither until dawn came and showed me the way. During the whole time, whenever I went to the bottom of the staircase, I heard her footsteps, saw her candle pass above and heard her ceaseless low cry.

Next day Estella and I returned to London.

It was soon after this that I came in touch again with someone whom I had never wished to have anything more to do with—Bentley Drummle, the Spider, as Mr. Jaggers had called him on that night of the memorable dinner in my guardian's house, when I had seen his strange housekeeper.

I discovered, to my dismay that Bentley Drummle was among the train of Estella's admirers, that at various balls they had met and had danced together. I found out that Drummle had begun to follow her closely, and that she allowed him to do it. Soon he was always in pursuit of her, and he and I crossed one another

every day. He held on, in a dull persistent way, and Estella held him; now with encouragement, now with discouragement, now almost flattering him, now almost despising him, now knowing him very well, now scarcely remembering who he was.

At a certain ball at Richmond, where Estella had outshone all other beauties, Drummle so hung about her, and with so much toleration on her part, that I made up my mind to speak to her about him. I took an opportunity when she was waiting for Mr. Brandley to take her home. She was sitting by herself ready to go.

‘Are you tired, Estella?’

‘Rather, Pip.’

‘You should be.’

‘Say, rather. I should not be; for I have my letter to Satis House to write, before I go to sleep.’

‘Recounting tonight’s triumph?’ said I. ‘Surely a very poor one, Estella.’

‘What do you mean? I didn’t know there had been any.’

‘Estella,’ I said, ‘do look at that fellow in the corner yonder, who is looking over here at us.’

‘Why should I look at him?’ returned Estella, with her eyes on me instead. What is there in that fellow in the corner yonder—to use your words—that I need look at?’

‘Indeed, that is the very question I want to ask you,’ said I, for he has been hovering about you all night.’

‘Moths and all sorts of ugly creatures,’ replied Estella, with a glance towards him; ‘hover about a lighted candle. Can the candle help it?’

‘No,’ I returned, ‘but cannot the Estella help it?’

‘Well!’ said she, laughing after a moment, ‘perhaps. Yes. Anything you like.’

‘But, Estella, do hear me speak. It makes me wretched that you should encourage a man so generally despised as Drummle. You know he is despised.’

‘Well?’ said she.

‘You know he is as ungainly in himself as he is to look at. An ill-tempered, stupid fellow.’

‘Well?’ said she.

‘You know he has nothing in his favour except money and a whole lot of stupid ancestors ; now, don’t you ?’

‘Well?’ said she again : and each time she said it, she opened her lovely eyes the wider.

I took from her the little word ‘Well?’ that she had kept repeating, and said, repeating it with emphasis, ‘Well, then, that is why it makes me wretched.’

‘Pip,’ said Estella : ‘don’t be foolish about its effect on you. It may have its effect on others, and may be meant to have. It’s not worth discussing.’

‘Yes, it is,’ said I, ‘because I cannot bear that people should say she shows favour to a mere boor, the lowest in the crowd.’

‘I can bear it,’ said Estella.

‘Oh ! don’t be so proud, Estella, and so unbending.’

‘You now call me proud and unbending,’ exclaimed Estella, ‘but you have just been finding fault with me for stooping to show favour to a mere boor.’

‘There is no doubt you do,’ I said rather hurriedly, ‘for I have seen you give him looks and

smiles this very night such as you never give to me.

‘Do you want me, then,’ said Estella, turning suddenly to me with a fixed and serious look, ‘to deceive and entrap you?’

‘Do you deceive and entrap him, Estella?’

‘Yes, and many others—all of them but you. Here is Mrs. Brandley. I’ll say no more.’

CHAPTER 18

Two years had passed since I had had that unsatisfactory interview with Mr. Jaggers on my twenty-first birthday, when I had tried, but unsuccessfully, to find out something definite about the source of my great expectations.

I was now twenty-three years old. Not another word had I heard to enlighten me regarding this question of who my mysterious benefactor was. Herbert Pocket and I no longer had rooms in the dismal Barnard’s Inn. We had left that locality more than a year before and were living in the Temple near the river Thames. I was no longer studying under Mr. Pocket’s tuition, but we had continued on the best of terms. I seemed somehow unable to settle down to any definite line of life, and indeed had not been trained for any special profession, but I had a taste for reading and read regularly so many hours a day. Herbert’s prospects had greatly improved, and his whole situation was much steadier and more satisfactory than when I had first joined him in Barnard’s Inn.

It was a dismal night a week after my twenty-third birthday. Business had taken Herbert on a journey away from London. I was alone and had a dull sense of being alone. I sadly missed the

cheerful face and ready response of my friend. It was wretched weather ; stormy and wet, stormy and wet ; mud, mud, mud, deep in all the streets. London was enveloped in clouds, which were driven over it by furious gusts of wind. The day which was just closing as I sat down to read in my solitude had been the worst of all. The house in the Temple, at the top of which we lived, was shaken by the wind which came rushing up the river. As the rain, which came with it, dashed against the windows, it seemed to me almost as if I were in a storm-beaten light-house.

I read with my watch upon the table, intending to close my book at eleven o'clock. As I shut it, St. Paul's, and all the many church-clocks in the City, struck that hour. The sound was curiously broken by the wind, and I was listening and thinking how the wind, attacked and tore the sound of the clocks striking, when I heard a foot-step on the stair leading to the rooms occupied by Herbert and myself.

Remembering that the staircase lamps had been blown out by the wind, I took up my reading-lamp and went out to the head of the stair. Whoever was below had stopped on seeing my lamp, for all was quiet.

'There is someone down there, is there not?' I called out, looking down.

'Yes,' said a voice from the darkness beneath.

'What floor do you want?'

'The top, Mr. Pip?'

'That is my name.—There is nothing the matter?'

'Nothing the matter,' returned the voice. And

the man came on.

I stood with my lamp held out over the stair-rail, and he came slowly within its light. I saw a face that was strange to me, looking up with a curious air of being touched and pleased by the sight of me.

Moving my lamp as he moved, I made out that he was a man well dressed, but roughly; that he had iron-grey hair; that his age was about sixty; that he was muscular, strong on his legs, and that he was browned and hardened by exposure to weather. As he came up the last stair or two, I saw, to my great surprise, that he was holding out both his hands to me.

‘Pray, what is your business?’ I asked him.

‘My business?’ he repeated, pausing. ‘Ah! Yes. I will explain my business, by your leave.’

‘Do you wish to come in?’

‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘I wish to come in, Master.’

When he came into the room, he looked about him with strangest air—an air of wondering pleasure, as if he had some share in the things he admired—and he pulled off a rough outer coat and his hat. Next moment, I saw him once more holding out both his hands to me.

‘What do you mean?’ said I, half suspecting him to be mad.

He stopped in his looking at me, and slowly rubbed his right hand over his head. ‘It’s disappointing to a man,’ he said in a coarse, broken voice. ‘After having looked forward for so long and come so far; but you’re not to blame for that—neither of us is to blame for that, I’ll speak in half a minute. Give me half a minute, please.’

He sat down on a chair that stood before the fire, and covered his forehead with his large brown hands. I looked at him attentively then and shrank back a little from him ; but I did not know him.

‘There’s no one near at hand, is there?’ said he, looking over his shoulder.

‘Why do you, a stranger, coming into my rooms at this time of night, ask that question?’ said I.

‘You’re a game one,’ he returned, shaking his head at me with a strange sort of affection. ‘I’m glad you’ve grown up a game one! But don’t catch hold of me. You’d be sorry afterwards to have done it.’

I gave up the intention that he had detected, for I knew him ! Even yet, I could not recall a single feature, but I knew him ! It was my convict ! It was the man whom I had met so many years ago in the churchyard on the marshes, who had lifted me on to the tombstone and tipped me backwards until my head swam with dizziness. It was the man for whom I had stolen Joe’s file and my sister’s pork pie.

He came back to where I stood, and again held out both his hands. Not knowing what to do, I reluctantly gave him my hands. He grasped them heartily, raised them to his lips, kissed them, and still held them.

‘You acted nobly, my boy,’ said he. ‘Noble Pip! And I have near forgotten it!’

At a change in his manner, as if he were even going to embrace me, I laid a hand upon his breast and put him away.

‘Stay!’ said I. ‘Keep off! If you are grateful to

me for what I did when I was a little child, I hope you have shown your gratitude by mending your way of life. If you have come here to thank me, it was not necessary. Still, however, you have found me out; there must be some good in the feeling that has brought you here, and I will not repulse you; but surely you must understand—I—.'

My attention was so attracted by the strangeness of his fixed look at me that the words died away on my tongue.

'You were saying,' he observed, when we had gazed at one another in silence, 'that, surely I must understand. What surely must I understand?'

'That I cannot wish to renew that chance meeting with you so long ago, under what are now very different circumstances. I am glad to believe you have repented. I am glad that, thinking I deserved to be thanked, you have come to thank me. But our ways are different ways nevertheless. You are wet, and you look tired. Will you drink something before you go?'

He was standing looking keenly at me. 'I think,' he answered, 'that I *will* drink (I thank you) before I go.'

There was a tray ready on a side-table. I brought it to the table near the fire and asked him what he would have. He touched one of the bottles without looking at it or speaking, and I made him some hot rum-and-water. I tried to keep my hand steady while I did so, but his look at me as he leaned back in his chair made my hand very difficult to control. When I handed him the glass, I saw with amazement that his eyes

were full of tears.

I felt sorry that I had treated him in an unfriendly way. 'I hope,' said I, hurriedly putting something into a glass for myself, and drawing a chair to the table, 'that you will not think I spoke harshly to you just now. I had no intention of doing it, and I am sorry for it, if I did. I wish you well and happy!'

As I put my glass to my lips, he stretched out his hand. I gave him mine, and then he drank, and drew his sleeve accross his eyes and forehead.

'How are you living?' I asked.

'I've been a sheep-farmer, stock-breeder, other trades besides, in Australia, away in the new world, said he, 'across many thousand miles of stormy water from here.'

'I hope you have done well.'

'I've done wonderfully well. There are others who went out along with me who have done well too, but no man has done nearly as well as me. I'm famous for it.'

'I'm glad to hear it.' Then I added slowly, looking at him. 'And I, too I've done very well since those far-off days.'

'May I make so bold,' he said then, gazing back at me, 'as to ask *how* you have done so well, since you and I were out on those lonely shivering marshes?'

'How?'

'Yes.'

He emptied his glass, got up, and stood at the side of the fire. He put a foot up to the bars, to dry and warm it. But he neither looked at his boot nor at the fire. He looked steadily at me. It was

only now that I began to tremble.

Somehow I could hardly speak, but I forced myself to tell him, though I could not do so distinctly, that I had been chosen to succeed to some property.

‘Might I be allowed to ask what property?’ said he.

I faltered, ‘I don’t know.’

‘Could I make a guess, I wonder,’ said the convict, ‘at your income since you came of age? As to the first figure now. Five?’

With my heart beating like a heavy hammer I rose out of my seat, and stood with my hand on the back of it, looking wildly at him.

‘About a guardian,’ he went on. ‘There ought to have been a guardian while you were still a minor. Some lawyer, may be. As to the first letter of that lawyer’s name, now. Would it be J?’

All the truth of my position came flashing on me; and its disappointments, dangers, disgraces, consequences of all kinds, rushed in such a flood that I was borne down by them, and had to struggle for every breath I drew.

‘Let us suppose,’ he said, ‘that the employer of that lawyer whose name begins with J, and might be Jaggers, let us suppose he had come over sea to Portsmouth and had landed there, and had wanted to come on to see you. ‘How did you find me out?’ You may ask. Well! How did I find you out? Why, I wrote from Portsmouth to a person in London for particulars of your address. That person’s name? Why, Wemmick.’

I could not have spoken one word, though it had been to save my life. I stood, with a hand on

the chair-back and a hand to my breast, where I seemed to be choking—I stood so, looking wildly at him; until the room began to surge and turn. He caught me, drew me to the sofa, put me against the cushions, and bent on one knee before me, bringing the face that I now well remembered, and that I shuddered at, very near to mine.

‘Yes, Pip, dear boy, I’ve made a gentleman of you. It’s I who did it. I lived rough that you should live smooth; I worked hard that you should not need to work. What does it matter, dear boy? Do I tell it so that you may feel an obligation to me? Not a bit. I tell it so that you may know that that hunted dog that you kept life in got on so well that he could make a gentleman—and Pip, you’re him!’

The horror in which I held the man, the fear I had of him, the disgust with which I shrank from him could not have been greater if he had been some terrible beast

‘Look you here, Pip,’ I’m your second father. You’re my son. More to me than any son I’ve put away money only for you to spend. Many a time during the years that have gone past in lonely places, with no other human being near me, I’ve seen your face. I’ve seen you there many times as plainly as ever I saw you on those misty marshes. ‘God strike me dead!’ I’d say each time, ‘if I don’t make that boy a gentleman, if I get the liberty and the money!’ And I’ve done it. Why, look at you, dear boy! Look at these lodgings of yours, fit for a lord!’

So eager was he in what he said that he had no time to notice how I received it all.

‘Look here!’ he went on, taking my watch out of my pocket, and turning towards him a ring on my finger, while I shrank from his touch as if he had been a snake, ‘a gold one and a beauty: *that’s* a gentleman’s, I hope! A diamond all set round with rubies: *that’s* a gentleman’s, I hope! Look at your linen, fine and beautiful! Look at your clothes; better aren’t to be got! And your books too,’ looking round the room, ‘mounting upon their shelves, by hundred! And you read them, don’t you? I saw you were reading them when I came in. You shall read them to me dear boy! And if they’re in foreign languages that I don’t understand, I shall be just as proud as if I did”

Again he took both my hands, while my blood ran cold within me.

‘Pip,’ he asked, ‘did you never think it might be me?’

‘O no, no, no!’ I returned. ‘Never, never!’

‘Well you see it was me, and single-handed. Never a soul in it but my own self and Mr. Jaggers. Yes, I prospered wonderfully, and I sent home lots of money to Mr. Jaggers—all for you—and he went to see you by my instructions.’

‘O, that he had never come! That he had left me at the forge—far from contented, yet, by comparison, happy!’

‘And all the time in Australia,’ he went on, ‘I set my mind on one day coming to see my boy and making myself known to him, on his own ground.’

He laid his hand on my shoulder. I shuddered at his touch.

‘It wasn’t easy for me, Pip, to leave those parts

and it wasn't safe either. But I held to it and the harder it was, the stronger I held, for I was determined and my mind firmly made up. At last I've done it, Dear hoy, I've done it!

I tried to collect my thoughts, but I was stunned.

'Where will you put me?' he asked presently.

'I must be put somewhere, dear boy.'

'To sleep?' said I.

'Yes. And to sleep long and sound,' he answered, 'for I've been sea-tossed and sea-washed, months and months.'

'My friend and companion, who shares these rooms with me, is away just now,' I said, rising from the sofa. 'You may have his room.'

'He won't come back tomorrow, will he!'

'No. Not tomorrow.'

'Because, look here, dear boy,' he said dropping his voice impressively, 'caution is necessary.'

'How do you mean? Caution?'

'By God, it's death!'

'What's death?'

'I was transported to Australia for life. It's death to come back. There's been too much coming back in recent years. I should certainly be hanged, if I were taken.'

Nothing was needed but this. The wretched man had risked his life to come to me, and I held it there in my keeping! My first care was to close the shutters so that no light might be seen from outside, and then to close and make fast the doors. I then asked if he would like to go to bed. He said 'yes', but asked me for some of my 'gentleman's linen' to put on in the morning. I brought it out and laid it ready for him, and my

blood again ran cold when he again took me by both hands to bid me goodnight.

I got away from him, without knowing how I did it. I sat down by the fire in the sitting room, afraid to go to bed. I began to think and I realised how all my hopes had gone to pieces. Miss Havisham's intentions towards me, a mere dream. Estella not intended for me. But, sharpest and deepest pain of all—it was for this convict now lying in the room next to me, guilty of I knew not what crimes, that I had deserted Joe.

In every rage of the wind and rush of the rain outside I heard pursuers. Twice, I could have sworn, there was knocking and whispering at the outer door. My childish memories of the convict awoke and crowded into my mind. Out of such memories there grew a half-formed terror that it might not be safe for me to be shut up here with him in the dead of the wild lonely night. This terror grew and grew until it filled the room, and I felt forced to take a candle and go in and look at my dreadful guests.

He was asleep, and quietly too, though he had a pistol lying beside him. I softly removed the key to the outside of the door, and turned it on him before I again sat down by the fire. I slipped from the chair and lay on the floor. When I awoke from a troubled sleep, the clocks of the churches were striking five, the candles had burned out, the fire was dead, and the wind and rain increased the thick black darkness.

CHAPTER 19

I REALISED that it was impossible for me to keep my unexpected visitor concealed in the rooms

that Herbert and I shared. But until some other arrangement could be made, I decided to pretend that he was my uncle and that he had unexpectedly come from the country.

When he joined me in the morning, I could not bring myself to bear the sight of him, and I thought he had a worse look by daylight.

my unexpected visitor concealed in the rooms

‘I do not even know,’ I said, speaking low, as he took his seat at the breakfast-table, ‘by what name to call you. I mean to tell people that you are my uncle,’

‘That’s it, dear boy! Call me uncle.’

‘You assumed some name, I suppose, on board ship?’

‘Yes, dear boy. I took the name of Provis.’

‘Do you mean to keep that name?’

‘Why, yes, dear boy, it’s as good as another—unless you’d like another.’

‘What is your real name?’ I asked him in a whisper.

‘Magwitch,’ he answered in the same tone; ‘christened Abel.’

‘What were you brought up to be?’

‘A rascal, dear boy.’

He answered quite seriously, and used the word as if it denoted some profession.

‘Are you known in London?’

‘I hope not!’ said he.

‘Were you tried in London?’

He nodded. ‘First knew Mr. Jaggers that way. Jaggers was for me.’

He ate in a ravenous way that was very disagreeable, and all his actions were uncouth, noisy and

greedy. If I had begun with any appetite, he would have taken it away.

When he had finished breakfast, he sat down in front of the fire, and took out of his pocket a short black pipe and a handful of loose tobacco and began to smoke.

‘And this,’ said he, as he puffed his pipe, ‘this is the gentleman I made! The real genuine one! It does me good to look at you, Pip. All I ask is to stand by and look at you, dear boy!’

He took out of his pocket a great, thick pocket-book, bursting with papers, and tossed it on the table.

‘There’s something worth spending in that book, dear boy. It’s yours. All I’ve got isn’t mine; it’s yours. Don’t you be afraid of it, There’s more where that came from. I’ve come to the old country to see my gentleman spend his money like a gentleman. That’ll be *my* pleasure. *My* pleasure will be to see him do it.’

‘Stop!’ said I, almost in a frenzy of fear and dislike. ‘I want to speak to you. I want to know what is to be done. I want to know how you are to be kept out of danger, how long you are going to stay, what plan you have.’

‘Well, dear boy, the danger isn’t so great. Unless I was informed against, the danger isn’t very great. There’s Jaggers, and there’s Wemmick, and there’s you. Who else is there to inform?’

‘Is there no chance person who might identify you in the streets?’ said I.

‘Well,’ he returned, ‘there aren’t many. Still, look here, Pip. If the danger had been fifty times as great, I should have come to see you, mind

you, just the same.'

'And how long do you remain?'

'How long?' said he, taking his black pipe from his mouth, and dropping his jaw, as he stared at me. 'I'm not going back. I've come for good.'

'Where are you to live?' said I. 'What is to be done with you? Where will you be safe?'

'Dear boy,' he answered, 'there's such a thing as disguise. Others have done it safely before, and what others have done before, others can do again. As to the where and how of living, dear boy, give me your own opinions on it.'

It appeared to me that I could do no better than get a quiet lodging for him nearby, of which he might take possession when Herbert returned, whom I expected in two or three days. I managed to persuade him to adopt a style of dress that would be less conspicuous than what he was wearing. I went out to get a suitable lodging and to do some shopping for him. He was to remain shut up in the rooms while I was gone and was on no account to open the door. I was so fortunate as to secure a suitable room for him in a respectable lodging-house not far from where I lived. When I returned to the Temple, I found the terrible Provis drinking rum-and-water and smoking his pipe, in safety.

Words cannot tell what a sense I had of the dreadful mystery that he was to me. When he fell asleep in the evening beside the fire, I would sit and look at him, wondering what he had done, and loading him with all the crimes imaginable. How I longed for Herbert to return that I might

share with him the burden that oppressed me. At length one evening when dinner was over, and I had dropped into a slumber, quite worn out, I was roused by the welcome footstep on the stair. Provis, who had been asleep too, staggered up at the noise I made, and in an instant I saw his jack-knife shining in his hand.

‘Quiet! It’s Herbert,’ I said, and Herbert came bursting in.

‘Pip, my dear fellow, how are you, and again how are you, and again how are you? I seem to have been gone a year. Why, so I must have been, for you have grown quite thin and pale. Pip my—Hello! I beg your pardon.’

He was stopped in his running on and in his shaking hands with me by seeing Provis, Provis staring at him fixedly, and slowly putting away the jack-knife.

‘Herbert, my dear friend,’ said I, shutting the doors, while Herbert stood staring and wondering, ‘something very strange has happened. This is—a visitor of mine.’

‘It’s all right, dear boy! said Provis, coming forwards, with a little copy of the New Testament which I had seen in his possession before and which he apparently carried for the purpose to which he now put it. ‘Take it in your right hand,’ he said to Herbert ‘Lord strike you dead on the spot if you tell tales in any way whatsoever. Kiss it!’

‘Do so, as he wishes, it,’ I said to Herbert. So Herbert, looking at me with friendly amazement, obeyed, and Provis, immediately shaking him by the hand, said, ‘Now you’re on your oath, you know. And never believe me if Pip shan’t make a

gentleman of you !’

CHAPTER 20

THE three of us sat down beside the fire and I told Herbert the whole story. His face showed his wonder and concern. The time passed and Provis showed no sign of leaving for his lodging. Herbert and I were longing to be left alone so that we might talk together freely. It was midnight before Provis made a move and I took him round to the house in a neighbouring street where his lodging was and saw him safely in at his own dark door.

When I got back, Herbert received me with the greatest warmth and friendliness, and I felt, as I had never felt before, what it is to have a friend one can really trust. We sat down together to consider the question, what has to be done?

‘What,’ said I to Herbert, ‘what is to be done?’

‘My poor, dear Pip,’ said Herbert, holding his head, ‘I am too stunned to think.’

‘So was I, Herbert, when the blow first fell. Still something must be done. He is determined to lavish his money upon me. He must be stopped somehow.’

‘You mean that you can’t accept—?’

‘How can I?’ I said as Herbert paused. ‘Think of him! Look at him!’

A shudder passed over both of us.

‘Yet I am afraid that the dreadful truth is, Herbert, that he is attached to me, strongly attached to me. Was there ever such a fate?’

‘My poor, dear Pip!’ Herbert repeated.

‘Then,’ said I, ‘after all even if I never take another penny from him think what I owe him

already! Then again, I am heavily in debt—very heavily for me, who have now no expectations—and I have been trained for no profession, and I am fit for nothing.'

'Well, well, well!' Herbert protested. 'Don't say, fit for nothing.'

Herbert then pointed out to me something that had indeed already occurred to my mind—that if I disappointed Provis by refusing to accept his gifts and so cut the ground from under his feet and made his gains worthless to him, after he had taken the great risk of returning to England for my sake, he might very well give himself up and be arrested by the authorities. ▯

'I have seen it, Herbert, and dreamed of it ever since the fatal night of his arrival. Nothing has been in my thoughts so distinctly as his putting himself in the way of being taken.'

I was so struck by the horror of this idea that I began to think of myself as being in some way the possible murderer of Provis.

But there was no staving off the question, what was to be done?

'The first and the main thing to be done,' said Herbert, 'is to get him out of England. You will have to go with him, and then he may be induced to go.'

We waited in silence for a few moments, and then Herbert spoke again.

'Pip,' he said, 'you feel convinced that you can take no further benefits from him, do you?'

'Absolutely. Surely you would, too, if you were in my place?'

'And you feel convinced that you must break

with him?’

‘Herbert, can you ask me?’

And you have, and are bound to have, that concern for the life he has risked on your account, that you must save him, if possible, from throwing it away. Then you must get him out of England as soon as you possibly can.’

‘Now, Herbert,’ said I, ‘I feel that I really know hardly anything of his story. There is only one way I know of. I must ask him point-blank.’

‘Yes. Ask him,’ said Herbert, ‘when we are sitting at breakfast in the morning.’

With this plan formed, we went to bed.

Provis came round at the time for breakfast and sat down to his meal. He was full of plans for his gentleman’s splendid future, and urged me to begin quickly to use the contents of the pocket-book, which he had left in my possession. When he had finished breakfast, I said to him:

‘After you were gone last night, I told my friend of the struggle that the soldiers found you engaged in on the marshes, when we came up. You remember?’

‘Remember!’ said he. ‘I should think so!’

‘We want to know something about that man—and about you. It is strange to know no more about either, and particularly you, than I was able to tell last night. Isn’t this as good a time as any for knowing more?’

‘Well’ he said, after thinking for a moment. ‘You’re on your oath to tell no tales, you know, Pip’s friend?’

‘Most certainly,’ replied Herbert.

He took out his black pipe, was about to fill it

with tobacco, then stopped, as if he felt that to smoke might confuse his telling of his story. He put his pipe and tobacco away, spread a hand on each knee, and, after gazing with an angry look into the fire for a few silent moments, he looked around at us, and told us his story :

‘ Dear boy and Pip’s friend, I’m not going to tell you my life like a story in a book. I’m going to give it you short and handy. I’ll put at once into a mouthful of English. In jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail. There, you’ve got it. That’s *my* life pretty much, down to the time that I was transported to Australia, after Pip helped me that time out on the marshes.

‘ I’ve no idea where I was born. The first I can remember is down in Essex, stealing turnips to keep myself alive. As a child I was a ragged little creature, as much to be pitied as anyone you can imagine. I was driven from place to place, arrested, put in jail, and when I got out, driven again from place to place, till I was caught and put in jail again. Tramping, begging, thieving, working sometimes when I could—that was the way I grew up.

‘ At Epsom races, a little over twenty years ago, I got acquainted with a man whose skull I’d crack with this poker if only I had him here. His right name was Compeyson ; and that’s the man, dear boy, that you saw me pounding in the ditch that night on the marshes, according to what you told your friend.

‘ He pretended to be a gentleman, this Compeyson, and he’d been to be a public boarding-school

and had learning. He was smooth in his talk and he was good-looking too. It was the night before the great race that I found him in a booth near the race-course. He and some others were sitting round the tables as I went in. The landlord, who knew me, called him out and said, "I think this is a man that might suit you,"—meaning me.

'Compeyson, he looked at me very closely and I looked at him. He was well-dressed and looked prosperous.

"To judge by appearances, you're out of luck," said he to me.

"Yes, master, and I've never been in it much!"

"Luck changes," said Compeyson; "perhaps yours is going to change."

'I said, "I hope it may be so. There's room."

'Compeyson laughed, gave me five shillings, and arranged to meet me next night in the same place.

'I met him again next night, and he took me on as his man and partner. And what was his business was swindling, forging, passing stolen bank notes, and such-like. He was a thorough swindler and rascal. He'd no more heart than an iron file, he was as cold as death, and he had the brain of a devil.

'There was another man connected with Compeyson, who was called Arthur. He was very ill, in a decline, and was a shadow to look at. Arthur was dying, dying poor, and with the horrors on him, and Compeyson's wife (whom Compeyson kicked mostly) was sorry for him and trying to help him when she could, but Compeyson had pity for nothing and nobody.

'I might have taken a warning from Arthur,

but I didn't. So I began to work for Compeyson, and a poor tool I was in his hands. Arthur lived at the top of Compeyson's house. The second or third time I saw him, he came tearing down into Compeyson's parlour late at night. He was all in a sweat with terror, and he cried out to Compeyson's wife: "Sally, she really is upstairs along with me now, and I can't get rid of her. She's all in white," he said, "with white flowers in her hair, and she's terribly angry, and she's got a shroud hanging over her arm, and says she'll put it on me at five in the morning."

"Compeyson said to him," "Why, you fool, don't you know she's got a living body? And how could she be up there, without coming through the door, or in at the window, or up the stairs?"

"I don't know how she's there," said Arthur, shivering dreadfully with the horrors. "But she's standing in the corner at the foot of the bed, terribly angry. And over where her heart is broken—you broke it! there are drops of blood."

Compeyson spoke boldly, but he was always a coward. "Go up along with this drivelling sick man," he said to his wife, "and, Magwitch, lend her a hand, will you?" But he never came near himself.

Compeyson's wife and I took Arthur up to bed again, and he raved most dreadfully. "Why look at her?" he cried out. "She's shaking the shroud at me! Don't you see her? Look at her eyes! Isn't it awful to see her so angry?" Next he cried, "She'll put it on me, and then I'm done for! Take it away from her, take it away!" And then he caught hold of me, and kept on talking to her and

answering her, till I half-believed I saw her myself.

‘Compeyson’s wife gave him something to drink and that quieted him down. He rested pretty quiet till it was almost five o’clock, and then he started up with a scream, “Here she is! She’s got the shroud again. She’s unfolding it. She’s coming out of the corner. She’s coming to the bed. Hold me, both of you. Don’t let her touch me. Don’t let her lift me up to get it round me. She’s lifting me up. Keep me down!” Then he heaved himself up hard, and was dead.

‘Compeyson took it easily as a good riddance for both sides. He and I were soon busy. I’ll not go into details about the things that he and I did together. I’ll simply tell you that man got me into such difficulties as made me his slave. I was always in debt to him, always under his thumb, always working, always getting into danger. He was younger than I was, but he was clever and he had learning, and he was more than my match five hundred times, and he had no money. My Missis that I had the hard time with—Stop, though! I haven’t brought *her* in—.’

He looked about him in a confused way.

‘There’s no need to go into it,’ he said looking round once more. ‘The time with Compeyson was almost as hard as ever I had; that said, all’s said. Finally, Compeyson and I were both arrested and tried for felony. When the verdict finally came, it was Compeyson who was recommended to mercy on account of good character and bad company, and for giving all the information he could against me. But the only word I got was guilty! When we were sentenced, he got seven

years, and I got fourteen. And the judge was sorry for him because he might have done so well; but the judge said I was an old offender and likely to come to worse !’

He had so heated himself that he took out his handkerchief and wiped his face and head and neck and hands, before he could go on.

‘I had said to Compeyson before we left the court after our trial that I’d smash his face! We were in the same prison-ship, but I couldn’t get at him for long, though I tried. At last I came behind and hit him on the cheek to turn him round and get a smashing one at him, when I was seen and seized. I later managed to escape to the shore and I was hiding among the graves there when I first saw my boy !’

He looked at me with an affection that made him almost hateful to me again, though I had felt great pity for him.

‘By my boy I was given to understand that Compeyson was out on the marshes too. I half believe he escaped in his terror, to get quit of me, not knowing that I had got ashore. I hunted him down. I smashed his face. And then we were caught struggling in the ditch. Of course, he got the best of it again. It was said that he had escaped when he had been made half-wide by me and my determination to murder him. *His* punishment was light, I was put in irons, brought to trial again, and sentenced to transportation for life. But I haven’t remained there for life, dear boy and Pip’s friend, being here !’

‘Is he dead?’ I asked, after a silence.

‘Is who dead, dear boy?’

‘Compeyson.’

‘He hopes *I* am, if he’s alive, you may be sure,’ with a fierce look. I never heard any more of him.’

Herbert had been writing with his pencil in the cover of a book. He softly pushed the book over to me as Provis smoked with his eyes on the fire, and I read in it:

‘Young Havisham’s name was Arthur. Compeyson is the man who professed to be Miss Havisham’s lover.’

I shut the book and nodded slightly to Herbert, and put the book aside; but we neither of us said anything and both looked at Provis as he smoked and gazed into the fire.

CHAPTER 21

NEVER had I breathed, and never would I breathe—or so I resolved—a word about Estella to Provis. But I said to Herbert that, before I could go abroad, I must see both Estella and Miss Havisham. Accordingly without delay, I went to the House in Richmond where Estella lived with Mrs. Brandley, but was told there that she had gone to Satis House. I made up my mind to follow her there. Before I left, Herbert and I agreed that Provis must not remain for many more days in his present danger, living near us, and running the risk of being traced.

I set off on my expedition to Miss Havisham’s. When I arrived at the Blue Boar it was to discover another visitor, and one very unwelcome to me, already in possession of the inn. It was Bentley Drummle, looking as heavy, coarse, and sulky as

ever. At first we pretended not to recognize one another, but later gave up the pretence, and our relationship was very surly and distrustful. It was plain to me why he was there. He had followed Estella. He made his purpose in being there very clear. He was obviously in triumph over my wretchedness.

When I went out to Satis House, I found Miss Havisham and Estella in the room where the dressing-table stood and the candles burnt on the wall. Part of my purpose in coming was to ask a favour of Miss Havisham. For some time, quite unknown to my friend Herbert, I had been helping him secretly with money so that he might achieve promotion in the business in which he was engaged. This was a secret between Wemmick and me. Wemmick had made the necessary arrangements. Herbert knew nothing of all this. Now that my great expectations had come crashing about my ears and I had made up my mind that I could no longer accept money from Provis, I wished to secure the future of Herbert. I had come with my mind made up to beg Miss Havisham to provide the money that I could no longer supply.

I spoke to her of her various relatives and of how different Mr. Matthew Pocket and his son Herbert were from the others, who were greedy for her wealth. I told her with great emphasis that she would deeply wrong both father and son if she supposed them to be anything but generous, upright, open, and incapable of anything mean. She looked at me keenly for a little while and then said quietly: What do you want for them?’

‘I’m not so cunning, you see,’ I said in answer, ‘as that I could hide from you, even if I wanted to do so, that I do want something. Miss Havisham, if you could spare the money to do my friend Herbert a lasting service in life, but which must be done without his knowledge, I could show you how.’

‘Why must it be done without his knowledge?’ she asked.

‘Because,’ said I, ‘I began the service myself more than two years ago, without his knowledge, and I don’t want to have it known. Why I cannot carry out what I had undertaken, I cannot explain. It is part of the secret which is another person’s and not mine.’

She gradually withdrew her eyes from me and turned them upon the fire.

In the meantime, Estella, who was sitting on a cushion at Miss Havisham’s feet, had been knitting in silence.

I now turned to her.

‘Estella,’ said I, ‘you know that I love you. You know that I have loved you long and dearly.’

She raised her eyes to my face. Her fingers went on with their work, and she looked at me unmoved. I saw that Miss Havisham glanced from me to her and from her to me.

‘I know,’ said I, ‘that I have no hope that I shall ever call you mine, Estella. I don’t know what may become of me very soon, how poor I may be, or where I may go. Still, I love you. I have loved you ever since I first saw you in this house.’

Looking at me perfectly unmoved and with her

fingers busy, she shook her head, and then said :

‘When you say you love me, I know what you mean, as a form of words; but nothing more. You touch nothing in my heart. I don’t care for what you say at all. I have tried to warn you of this; now, have I not?’

I said in a miserable manner, ‘Yes.’

‘Yes, but you would not be warned, for you thought I did not mean it.’

‘Is it not true,’ I said, ‘that Bentley Drummle is in town here and pursuing you?’

‘It is quite true,’ she replied, referring to him with utter contempt.

‘You cannot love him, Estella?’

Her fingers stopped for ‘the first time, as she retorted rather angrily, ‘What have I told you? Do you still think in spite of it, that I do not mean what I say?’

‘You would never marry him Estella?’

She looked towards Miss Havisham and considered for a moment with her work in her hands. Then she said, ‘Why not tell you the truth? I am going to be married to him.’

I dropped my face in my hands, but was able to control myself better than I could have expected, considering what agony it gave me to hear her say those words. When I raised my face again, there was such a ghastly look upon Miss Havisham’s face that it impressed me, even in the midst of my own torment.

‘Estella, dearest Estella, do not let Miss Havisham lead you into this fatal step. Put me aside for ever, but give yourself to some worthier person than Drummle.’

Estella looked at me and said in a gentler voice :
‘ I am going to be married to him. The preparations for my marriage are being made, and I shall be married soon. It is my own act.’

‘ Your own act, Estella, to fling yourself away upon a brute ?’

‘ On whom should I fling myself away ?’ she retorted, with a smile. ‘ There ! It is done I shall do well enough, and so will my husband. I am tired of the life I have led, and I am willing enough to change it. Say no more. We shall never understand each other.’

‘ Such a mean brute, such a stupid brute !’ I urged in despair.

‘ Don’t be afraid of my being a blessing to him,’ said Estella, ‘ I shall not be that’

‘ O Estella !’ I answered, ‘ even if I remained in England, how could I see you, Drummle’s wife ?’

‘ Nonsense !’ she returned. ‘ Nonsense ! this will pass in no time.’

‘ Never, Estella !’

‘ You will get me out of your thoughts in a week.’

‘ Out of my thoughts ! You are part of my existence, part of myself. To the last hour of my life you cannot help remaining part of my character, part of the little good in me, part of the evil. O, God bless you ! God forgive you !’

That night I set out to walk all the way back to London. I could not bear to go back to the inn and see Drummle there. I could not bear to sit upon the coach and be spoken to. I felt that I could do nothing half so good for myself as tire myself out.

When at long last, muddy and weary, I reached one of the gates leading into the Temple, where my rooms were, I was stopped by the night-porter who handed me a note, saying:

‘The messenger that brought that said, would you be so good as to read it by my lantern?’

Much surprised by the request, I took the note. Above my name on the outside were the words, ‘PLEASE READ THIS HERE.’ I opened it and read inside in Wemmick’s writing:

‘DON’T GO HOME.’

CHAPTER 22

I OBEYED the message and did not go home that night. Instead, I spent what was left of it in a dreary lodging-house, where I managed to get a bed for the night. I spent a restless and miserable night, my mind filled with conflicting thoughts and feelings.

In the morning I got in touch with Wemmick as soon as I could. I found out from him that he knew of the existence of Compeyson, that he knew him to be in London, and that, in the circumstances and in my absence, he felt it essential to get Provis moved from where he was to another part of London, where he would be less liable to be discovered and captured. It was Herbert who had suggested a possible place of retreat. This was no other than the house, where the young lady Clara, to whom he was engaged, lived along with her invalid father, in rooms kept by a kindly widow named Mrs. Whimple. Her house was a long way down the river Thames near the docks below the Bridge. Mrs. Whimple had an upper

furnished floor to let, and there Provis had been ensconced. The locality of this new lodging also made it very convenient for getting on board a steamer to go abroad.

I made my way to a part of London which was quite unknown to me, and, after some considerable search, discovered Mill Pond Bank, where Mrs. Whimple's house was situated. I found Herbert there and was presently introduced to Clara Barley, a very pretty, slight, dark-eyed girl of twenty or so to whom Herbert was clearly deeply attached. Clara's invalid father I did not meet. He was confined to his room upstairs.

In his two rooms at the top of the house I found Provis comfortably settled. He expressed no alarm; but it struck me that he was softened, I could not have said how, but certainly, I made up my mind not to say anything to him about Compeyson. But I decided to tell him of Wemmick's caution and advice without bringing in the name of Compeyson. I told him that Wemmick had discovered through a conversation that he had overheard that Provis was under some suspicion and that my rooms had been watched, that Wemmick had recommended his keeping close for some time, and my keeping away from him. I told him that Wemmick approved of the plan to get him abroad and I said that, when the time for that came, I would go with him.

He listened to all this quietly and indeed was very reasonable. His coming back to England had been a venture, he said, and he had always known it to involve risk. He would do nothing to make it a desperate venture, and he had very little fear

of his safety with such help.

Herbert, who had been listening to all this, then made a very good suggestion. Both he and I had become experienced rowers and we could take him down the river ourselves when the time came. There would be no need to hire boatmen and so arouse possible suspicion.

‘Don’t you think, Pip,’ he asked, it might be a good thing if you began at once to keep a boat at the Temple stairs and were in the habit of rowing up and down the river?’

I liked this scheme and Provis was quite delighted with it. We agreed that it should be carried out, and that Provis should never recognize us if we came below the Bridge and rowed past Mill Pond Bank. But we further agreed that he should pull down the blind in that part of his window facing east, whenever he saw us and if all was well.

Our discussion being ended, I rose to go remarking to Herbert that he and I had better not go home together, and that I would take half-an-hour’s start of him.

‘I don’t like to leave you here,’ I said to Provis, ‘though I am sure you are safer here than near me. Good-bye!’

‘Dear boy,’ he answered, clasping my hands, ‘I don’t know when we may meet again, and I don’t like Good-bye. Say Good-night.’

‘Good-night! Herbert will go regularly between us, and when the time comes you may be certain I shall be ready. Good night, Good night!’

Next day, I set myself to get the boat. It was soon done, and she was brought round to the Temple stairs, and lay where I could reach her

within a minute or two. Then, I began to go out as for training and practice, sometimes alone, sometimes with Herbert. Gradually our rowing expeditions became longer and longer until one day we rowed right down past Mill Pond Bank. Both in going and returning, we saw the blind in Provis' window towards the east come down. Herbert usually went there three times a week, and he never brought me any alarming news. But I was always full of fears for the rash man who was in hiding.

CHAPTER 23

SOME weeks passed without bringing any change. We waited for news from Wemmick, who had promised to inform me if there were any developments, but nothing came from him.

Then one day I happened to meet Mr. Jaggers unexpectedly in the street. He invited me to go home with him to dinner. I found that Wemmick had been invited too. At dinner Mr. Jaggers told me that he had received a note for me from Miss Havisham. She had sent it to him, as she was not sure of my present address. The message from Miss Havisham was very brief. It was simply that she would like to see me in connection with a little matter of business I had mentioned to her on my previous visit.

That night at dinner we were served by Mr. Jaggers' mysterious housekeeper. At one point in the meal, Mr. Jaggers spoke to her rather impatiently, just as she was placing a dish on the table. As she took her hands away from it, she fell back a step or two, nervously muttering some excuse. And a certain action of her fingers as she

spoke arrested my attention. Mr. Jaggers noticed my look, and asked: 'What's the matter?'

'Nothing,' I replied.

He looked at me curiously, but did not pursue the subject.

The action of her fingers was like the action of knitting. She stood looking at her master. Her look was very intent. Surely I had seen exactly such eyes and such hands, on a memorable occasion very lately!

He dismissed her, and she glided from the room. But she remained before me as plainly as if she were still there. I looked at those hands, I looked at those eyes, I looked at that flowing hair. And I felt absolutely certain that this woman was Estella's mother.

Wemmick and I both left Mr. Jaggers' early, and we left together. I had made up my mind to question him about Mr. Jaggers' mysterious housekeeper.

'Wemmick, said I, 'do you remember telling me, before I first went to Mr. Jaggers' private house, to notice that housekeeper.'

'Did I?' he replied, then paused a moment. Yes, of course, I know I did.'

'A wild beast tamed, you called her.'

'And what did *you* call her?'

'The same. How did Mr. Jaggers tame her, Wemmick?'

'That's his secret. She has been with him for many a long year.'

'I wish you would tell me her story. I feel a particular interest in it. And you know that what is said between you and me will go no further.'

‘Well!’ Wemmick replied, ‘I don’t know her story—that is I don’t know all of it. But what I do know I’ll tell you.—A score or so of years ago that woman was tried at the Old Bailey for murder and was acquitted. She was a very handsome young woman, and I believe had some gipsy blood in her.’

‘She was acquitted, you say?’

‘Yes, Mr. Jaggers was for her,’ went on Wemmick, with a look full of meaning, ‘and he worked the case in a quite astonishing way. It was a desperate case, and it was when he was still a young and inexperienced lawyer, and he worked it to the admiration of all; in fact, it may almost be said to have made his reputation. The murdered person was a woman; a woman, a good ten years older, very much larger, and very much stronger. It was a case of jealousy. They both led tramping lives, and this woman in Gerrard Street, here, Mr. Jaggers’ housekeeper, had been married very young to a tramping man, and was a perfect fury in point of jealousy. The murdered woman was found dead in a barn near Hounslow Heath. There had been a violent struggle, perhaps a fight. Now there was no reasonable evidence to involve any person but this woman, and on the unlikelihood of her having been able to do it, Mr. Jaggers principally rested his case. ‘You may be sure,’ said Wemmick, ‘that he never dwelt upon the strength of her hands then, though he sometimes does now.’ I had told Wemmick of his showing us her wrists the day of the dinner party.

‘An attempt was made to show, in proof of her jealousy, that she was strongly suspected of having,

at about the time of her murder, killed a child of about three years old that she had had by this man, in order to take revenge upon him.

‘Well, the long and the short of it was that Jaggers handled that case so skilfully that in the end he was altogether too many for the Jury, and they gave in.’

‘Has she been in his service ever since?’

‘Yes; but not only that,’ said Wemmick, ‘she went into his service immediately after her acquittal, tamed as she is now. She has since been taught one thing and another in the way of her duties, but she was tamed from the beginning.’

‘Do you remember the sex of the child?’

‘Said to have been a girl.’

Our ways parted then and we exchanged a cordial Good-night, and I went home, with new matter for my thoughts, though with no relief from the old thoughts.

In answer to Miss Havisham’s note, I went down to Satis House again next day. When I was let in, I found the lighted candle standing in the dark passage as of old. I took it and went up the stair alone. Miss Havisham was not in her own room, but in the larger room across the landing. Looking at the door, after knocking in vain, I saw her sitting on the hearth in a ragged chair, close before, and gazing fixedly at the ashy fire. As I stood pitying her, she looked up and saw me. Her eyes rested on me. Then, as she stared at me, she said in a low voice, ‘Is it real?’

‘It is I, Pip. Mr. Jaggers gave me your note yesterday, and I have lost no time.’

‘Thank you—Thank you.’

As I brought another of the ragged chairs to the hearth and sat down, I noticed a new expression on her face, as if she were afraid of me.

‘I want,’ she said to discuss that subject you mentioned to me the other day, and to show you that I am not all stone. But perhaps you can never believe, now, that there is anything human in my heart?’

I tried to reassure her, and she stretched out her trembling right hand, as though she was going to touch me; but she withdrew it again before I understood her action, or knew how to receive it.

‘You said, speaking for your friend, that you could tell me how to do something useful and good. Something that you would like done, is that not so?’

‘Something that I would like done, very, very much.’

‘What is it?’

I began explaining to her the secret history of the partnership in the business in which Herbert was engaged; that I was procuring for him by private payments arranged through Wemmick.

She listened, and then she asked, ‘How much money is needed yet to complete the purchase of the partnership?’

I was rather afraid of stating it, for it sounded a large sum. ‘Nine-hundred pounds.’

‘If I give you the money for the purpose, will you keep my secret as you have kept your own?’

‘Quite as faithfully.’

‘And your mind will be more at rest?’

‘Much more at rest.’

‘Are you very unhappy now?’

‘I am far from happy, Miss Havisham ; but I have other causes of disquiet than any you know of. They are the secrets I have mentioned.’

She then rose from her seat and wrote for me a note authorising Mr. Jaggers to pay me the money required. She read me what she had written. It was direct and clear. I took the letter from her hand, and it trembled again. She then said, without looking at me :

‘If you can ever forgive me for my treatment of you in the past, though it may be only long after I am dead, I beg of you to do it.’

‘O Miss Havisham,’ I said, ‘I can do it now. There have been cruel mistakes ; but my life has been a blind and thankless one, and I need forgiveness myself far too much to be bitter with you.’

She turned her face to me, and to my amazement and even terror, she dropped on her knees at my feet, with her folded hands raised to me. To see her with her white hair and her worn face kneeling at my feet gave me a shock. I begged her to rise : but she only took one of my hands and pressed it, while she wept bitterly.

‘O!’ she cried despairingly, ‘What have I done? What have I done?’

‘If you mean, Miss Havisham, what have you done to injure me, let me answer. Very little, I should have loved her under any circumstances. Is she married?’

‘Yes!’

It was a needless question, for a new desolation in the disolate house had told me so.

‘What have I done! What have I done!’ She wrung her hands and crushed her white hair.

‘What have I done!’

‘Miss Havisham,’ I said when her cry had died away, ‘about me you need not concern yourself. But Estella is a different case, and if you can ever undo any scrap of what you have done to harm her, it will be better to do that than to lament the past through a hundred years.’

‘Yes, yes, I know it. But Pip—my dear! My dear, believe this. When she first came to me, I meant to save her from misery like my own. At first I meant no more.’

‘Well, well!’ said I. ‘I hope so.’

‘But as she grew and promised to be very beautiful, I gradually did worse. I stole her heart away and put ice in its place.’

‘Better,’ I could not help saying, ‘to have left her a natural heart, even to be bruised or broken.’

Miss Havisham looked at me distractedly for a while, and then burst out again:

‘If you knew all my story,’ she pleaded, ‘you would have some pity for me and a better understanding of me.’

‘Miss Havisham,’ I answered as delicately as I could. ‘I believe I may say that I do know your story, and have known it ever since I first left this neighbourhood. Will you let me ask you a question about Estella?’

She was seated on the ground, with her arm on the ragged chair and her head leaning on them. She looked full at me when I said this, and replied, ‘Go on.’

‘Whose child was Estella?’

She shook her head.

‘You don’t know?’

She shook her head again.

‘But Mr. Jaggers brought her here, or sent her here?’

‘Brought her here.’

‘Will you tell me how that came about?’

She answered in a low whisper and with caution :
‘I had been shut up in these rooms a long time (I don’t know how long), when I told him I wanted a little girl to rear and love and save from my fate. He told me that he would look about him for such an orphan child. One night he brought her here asleep, and I called her Estella.’

‘Might I ask her age then?’

‘Two or three. She herself knows nothing but that she was left an orphan and I adopted her.’

What more could I hope for by prolonging the interview? I had succeeded on behalf of Herbert, Miss Havisham had told me all she knew of Estella, I had said and done what I could to ease her mind.

I went downstairs and out into the desolate grounds of the old house. I wandered about in them recalling the past. As I walked about from one well-remembered spot to another, I had a strange and compelling feeling that I must go upstairs once again and make sure that Miss Havisham was as safe and well as when I left her. I mounted the stairs again. I looked into the room where I had left her and I saw her seated in the ragged chair upon the hearth, close to the fire, with her back to me. In the moment when I was about to go quickly away, I saw a great flaming light spring up. In the same moment I saw her running towards me, shrieking, whirl a whirl of fire blazing

all about her, and soaring at least as many feet above her head as she was high.

I was wearing a heavy great-coat and was carrying over my arm another thick coat. I took off my great-coat, seized her, threw her down, and covered her with both coats. Then I dragged the great cloth from the table in the middle of the room for the same purpose. With it I dragged down the heap of rottenness in the centre, which once, long ago, had been her bridecake. We were on the ground struggling together. The closer I covered her, the more wildly she shrieked and tried to free herself. Then I looked round and saw the disturbed beetles and spiders running away over the floor, and the servants coming in with breathless cries at the door. I still held her forcibly down with all my strength, like a prisoner who might escape. Then I realised that she was unconcious, and I was afraid to have her moved or even touched. A doctor was sent for. When he arrived, I got up and was astonished to see that both my hands were burnt, for I did not feel any pain.

When Miss Havisham had been examined by the doctor, he declared that while she had received serious hurts, they were far from hopeless. The real danger to her lay in the nervous shock. Her bed was carried into the room where the mishap had occurred and was laid upon the great table. When I saw her again, an hour afterwards, she lay indeed upon the very table which I had seen her strike with her stick, declaring that she would lie there one day.

I found out from the servants that Estella was in Paris and I got a promise from the doctor that

he would write to her by the next post. I undertook to tell Mr. Matthew Pocket what had happened, and to trust him to inform the other relatives.

As I could be of no further use there, and as I had my concern for Provis' welfare pressing upon me, I decided in the course of the night that I would return to London by the early morning coach. At about six o'clock in the morning, therefore, I leaned over Miss Havisham and touched her lips with mine, just as they said, what they had said many times since she had been laid there. 'Forgive me. I beg you to say that you forgive me!'

CHAPTER 24

My left arm was a good deal burnt to the elbow, and, less severely, as high as the shoulder; it was very painful, but I felt thankful it was no worse. My right arm was not so badly burnt as to prevent my moving the fingers. My left hand and arm I carried in a sling. My hair had been caught by the fire, but not my head or face.

Herbert proved himself the kindest and most devoted of nurses, caring for me with a patient tenderness that I was deeply grateful for.

At first, as I lay quiet on the sofa, I found it impossible to get rid of the impression of the glare of the flames, their hurry and noise, and the fierce burning smell. If I dozed for a minute, I was awakened by Miss Havisham's cries, and by her running at me with all that height of fire above her head. The pain of the mind was much harder to strive against than any bodily pain I suffered; and Herbert, seeing this, did his utmost to keep my attention engaged.

Neither of us spoke of the boat, but we both thought of it. We were both wondering how long it would be before I could again take my share in rowing her and how this would affect our plans.

My first question when I saw Herbert had been, of course, whether all was well down the river. He assured me that all was well. Later on, as he was changing my bandages, he said:

‘I sat with Provis last night, Pip, two good hours. Do you know, Pip, he improves?’

‘I said to you I thought he was softened when I last saw him.’

‘So you did. And so he is. Last night he told me more of his life. You remember when he was telling us the story of his early life here in this room how he broke off suddenly about some woman that he had great trouble with?’

‘I had forgotten that, Herbert, but I remember it, now you speak of it.’

‘Well, he went into that part of his life, and a dark, wild part it is. Shall I tell you? Or would it worry you just now?’

‘Tell me by all means. Every word.’

‘It seems,’ said Herbert, ‘that the woman was a young woman, and a jealous woman, and a revengeful woman; revengeful, Pip to the last degree.’

‘To what last degree?’

‘Murder.’

‘How did she murder? Whom did she murder?’ Why, the deed may not have deserved quite such a terrible name, said Herbert, ‘but she was tried for it, and Mr. Jaggers defended her, and the same he got from that defence first made him

known to Provis. It was another and a stronger woman who was the victim, and there had been a struggle in a barn. Who began it, or how fair it was, or how unfair, may be doubtful; but how it ended is certainly not doubtful, for the victim was discovered strangled.'

'Was the woman found guilty?'

'No; she was acquitted.'

'Yes; what else?'

'This young woman and Provis had a little child; a little child of whom Provis was exceedingly fond. On the evening of the very night when the other woman was strangled, this young woman presented herself before Provis and swore that she would destroy the child (which was in her possession), and he would never see it again; then she vanished.'

'Did the young woman keep her oath?'

'There comes the darkest part of Provis' life. She did.'

'That is, he says she did.'

'Why, of course, Pip. He says it all. I have no other information.'

'No, to be sure.'

'Now, in spite of what she had done, Provis still seems to have had pity for her. So, fearing that he might be called on to give evidence about this child, and so be the cause of the mother's death, he hid himself, and was only vaguely talked of as the man on account of whom the jealousy arose. After she was acquitted, she disappeared, and so he lost both the child and the child's mother.'

'I want to ask—'

‘A moment, Pip, and I have done. Compeyson, that worst of scoundrels among many scoundrels, knew of his keeping out of the way and of his reasons for doing so, and held the knowledge as a means of keeping Provis in his power and working him harder.’

I want to know particularly, Herbert, if he told you when this happened.’

‘Let me recall now what he said about that. His expression was “twenty years ago, and almost directly after I took up with Compeyson.” How old were you when you came upon him in the little churchyard out on the marshes?’

‘I think in my seventh year.’

‘Yes. It had happened some three or four years then, he said, and you brought into his mind the child so tragically lost, who would have been about your age.’

‘Herbert,’ I said, after a short silence, ‘can you see me best by the light of the window or the light of the fire?’

‘By the firelight,’ answered Herbert.

‘Look at me.’

‘I am looking at you, my dear Pip.’

‘Touch me.’

‘I am touching you.’

‘You are not afraid that I in any fever, or that my head is much disordered by the accident of last night?’

‘N—no, Pip, my dear fellow,’ said Herbert, after taking time to examine me. ‘You are rather excited, but you are quite yourself.’

‘I know I am quite myself. And the man we have in hiding down the river is Estella’s father.’

CHAPTER 25

I MADE up my mind that I would go to Mr. Jaggers' office tomorrow without fail, partly to obtain the nine hundred pounds that Miss Havisham had promised me for Herbert, and partly to try to discover from Mr. Jaggers himself the truth regarding Estella's parentage. Accordingly I made my way to Gerrard Street, where I found Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick together busy upon a checking of the accounts.

I had first of all to tell them of what had happened at Satis House and how I was involved in that. While I described the disaster, Mr. Jaggers stood, according to his habit, before the fire. Wemmick leaned back in his chair, staring at me, with his hands in the pockets of his trousers, and his pen stuck horizontally in his post-office-like mouth.

My story finished, and their questions at an end, I then produced Miss Havisham's note of authority to receive the nine hundred pounds. Mr. Jaggers handed it over to Wemmick, with instructions to draw the cheque for his signature. When this had been done and I was putting the cheque in my pocket, Mr. Jaggers said to me, 'I am sorry, Pip, that we do nothing for *you*.'

'Miss Havisham was good enough to ask me,' I replied, 'whether she could do anything for me, and I told her *No*.'

'I should *not* have told her *No*, if I had been you,' said Mr. Jaggers, 'but every man ought to know his own business best.'

I then approached the second matter regarding which I had come to see Mr. Jaggers. I found

that he would not give me any definite information, but in his usual way, refused to commit himself. Then I told him all I knew, and how I knew it except that I was careful not to involve Wemmick in the case. I left Mr. Jaggers to infer that I knew from Miss Havisham what I had actually learnt from Wemmick. At last Mr. Jaggers consented to discuss the matter, doing it, however, in a very indirect way and refusing all the time to commit himself. He discussed it as if it were a matter that he was supposing rather than something about which he was certain.

Mr. Jaggers argued the whole matter before me as if it were a purely imaginary case, and then came to his conclusion as follows:

‘Put the case that the child grew up, and was married for money. That the mother was still living. That the father was still living. That the mother and father, unknown to one another were living within so many miles, furlongs, yards, if you like, of one another. That the secret was still a secret, except that you had got wind of it. Put that last case to yourself very carefully.’

‘I do.’

‘I ask Wemmick to put it to *himself* very carefully.’

And Wemmick said, ‘I do.’

‘For whose sake would you reveal the secret?—For the father’s? I think he would not be much the better for the mother. For the mother’s? I think if she had done such a deed, she would be safer where she was. For the daughter’s? I think it would hardly help her, to prove her parentage, to drag her back to disgrace, after an escape of

twenty years. But add the case that you had loved her, Pip, then I tell you, you had better chop off that bandaged left hand of yours with your bandaged right hand, and then pass the chopper on to Wemmick to cut that off too.

I looked at Wemmick, whose face was very grave. He gravely touched his lips with his forefinger, I did the same. Mr. Jaggers did the same. 'Now, Wemmick,' said the latter then, resuming his usual manner, 'What item were you at, when Mr. Pip came in?'

After my visit to Mr. Jaggers I set about at once making the necessary agreements to secure Herbert's future which the money given to me by Miss Havisham enabled me to do. It was the only good thing I had done, and the only completed thing I had done, since I was first told of my great expectations. I was informed that the affairs of the business firm with which Herbert was connected were improving steadily, that a small branch of the firm would soon be begun in the East and that Herbert, as a newly created partner in the firm, would be sent out to take charge of it. I found that I must now look forward to a separation from the friend who had come to mean so much to me during recent years.

But I felt a compensation in the joy with which Herbert would come home from the office in the evenings and tell me the news of his prospects, news which were to me, indeed, no news. And he would draw for me glowing picture of a bright future in which he and Clara had their parts, but from which I was by means excluded either.

Wemmick had promised to let us know when

he thought the time was suitable for making the attempt to get Provis out of the country. The days passed and still we had no word from him. But at last on a Monday morning, when Herbert and I were at breakfast, I received the following letter from Wemmick by the post.

‘Burn this as soon as read. Early in the week, or say Wednesday, you might do what you know of, if you felt disposed to try it. Now burn.’

When I had shown this to Herbert and had put it in the fire, we considered what to do. I had not yet so recovered from my injuries as to be able to do my part in rowing the boat.

‘I have thought it over, again and again,’ said Herbert, ‘and I think I know a better plan than taking a Thames waterman to help to row the boat. Take Startop, our old friend of the Hammer-smith days. A good fellow, a skilful oarsman, fond of us, and enthusiastic and honourable.’

I had thought of him more than once.

‘But how much would you tell him, Herbert?’

‘It is necessary to tell him very little. Let him suppose it a mere freak, but a secret one, until the morning comes; then let him know that there is urgent reason for your getting Provis aboard and away. You go with him.’

‘No doubt.’

‘Where?’

It seemed to me that almost any port on the Continent would do, as long as he was out of England. Any foreign steamer that came our way and would take us up would do. As foreign steamers would leave London at about the time of high-water, our plan should be to get well down

the river by a previous ebb-tide and lie by in some quite spot until we could pull off to one.

Herbet agreed to all this, and we set out after breakfast to make the necessary enquiries. We found that a steamer for Hamburg was likely to suit our purpose best. But we noted what other foreign steamers would leave London by the same tide. We then separated for a few hours.

We decided that Herbert and Startop who had agreed to help, would pull a pair of oars, and I would steer. Provis would be sitter, and keep quiet. Herbert was to prepare Provis to be ready on Wednesday morning when he saw us approaching to join us.

CHAPTER 26

WEDNESDAY morning was dawning when I looked out of the widow. At half-past eight we got into the boat and cast off, Herbert in the bow and I steering. We passed quickly down the river. Old London Bridge was soon passed. Here were the Leith, Aberdeen and Glasgow steamers, loading and unloading goods. Here were tomorrow's steamer for Hamburg. And now, I, sitting in the stern, could see, with a faster beating heart, Mill Pond stairs.

'Is he there?' asked Herbert.

'Not yet.'

'Right! He was not to come down till he saw us. Can you see his signal?'

'Not well from here; but I think I see it.—Now I see him! Pull both —Easy, Herbert.—Oars!'

We touched the stairs lightly for a single moment, and he was on board, and we were off again.

‘Dear boy!’ he said, putting his arm on my shoulder, as he took his seat, ‘Faithful, dear boy, well done. Thank you, thank you!’

Down the river we went amongst all the din and confusion of the busy port.

‘If you knew, dear boy,’ said Provis to me, ‘what it is to sit here beside my dear boy and have my smoke, after having been day by day between four walls, you’d envy me. But you don’t know what it is.’

‘I think I know the delights of freedom,’ I answered.

‘Ah,’ said he, shaking his head gravely, ‘but you don’t know it as I do. You must have been under lock and key, dear boy, to know it as I know it.’

‘If all goes well,’ said I, ‘you will be perfectly free and safe again within a few hours.’

‘Well,’ he returned, drawing a long breath, ‘I hope so.’

He put his pipe back in his mouth with an undisturbed expression of face, and sat as composed and contented as if we were already out of England.

The hours passed and we were now far down to the river. The ebb-tide with which we had been moving began to turn, and the ships that had been waiting for the turn of the tide to get up river began to crowd upon us in a fleet. We got ashore and ate and drank what we had with us, and looked around. It was like my own marsh country, flat and monotonous, and with a dim horizon.

We pushed off and made what way we could. It was much harder work now, but Herbert and

Startop persevered, and rowed, and rowed, and rowed until the sun went down. As the night was fast falling and as the moon would not rise early, we held a short council, for clearly our course was to lie by at the first lonely tavern we could find. So they plied their oars once more, and I looked out for anything like a house. At length we spied a light and a roof, and pulled in towards them. Leaving the rest in the boat, I stepped ashore, and found the light to be in the window of a public house. It was a dirty place certainly, but there was a good fire in the kitchen, and there was food and drink to be had. Also, there were two double-bedded rooms. So we decided to stop there for the night and await the coming of the steamer on the following day.

While we were sitting comfortably beside the bright fire, the odd job man of the tavern asked us if we had noticed a four-oared rowing-boat going up with the tide? When we said, 'No,' he said she must have gone down then, and yet she had made as if to go up when she left there.

'A four-oared boat, did you say?' said I.

'A four,' said he, 'and two sitters.'

'Did they come ashore here?'

'They put in with a stone two-gallon jar for some beer.'

This news made us all uneasy and me very uneasy. The dismal wind was muttering round the house, the tide was flapping at the shore, and I had a feeling that we were caged and threatened. A four-oared boat hovering about in this way so as to attract attention seemed suspicious. That night

I shared one of the rooms with Provis. I lay down with the greater part of my clothes on, and slept well for a few hours. When I awoke the wind had risen and the sign of the inn was creaking and banging about with noises that startled me. Rising softly, for my companion lay fast asleep, I looked out of the window. It overlooked the place where we had hauled up our boat. By the light of the moon I saw two men looking into her. They passed by under the window, looking at nothing else, and struck across the marshland.

We were up early. I felt it right to tell what I had seen. Again our charge was the least anxious of the party. However, I proposed that he and I should walk away together to a distant point we could see, and that the boat should take us aboard there at about noon. Soon after breakfast we set out for this point. We waited there till our boat came up. We got aboard easily and rowed out into the track of the steamer. By that time it was almost one o'clock and we began to look out for her smoke.

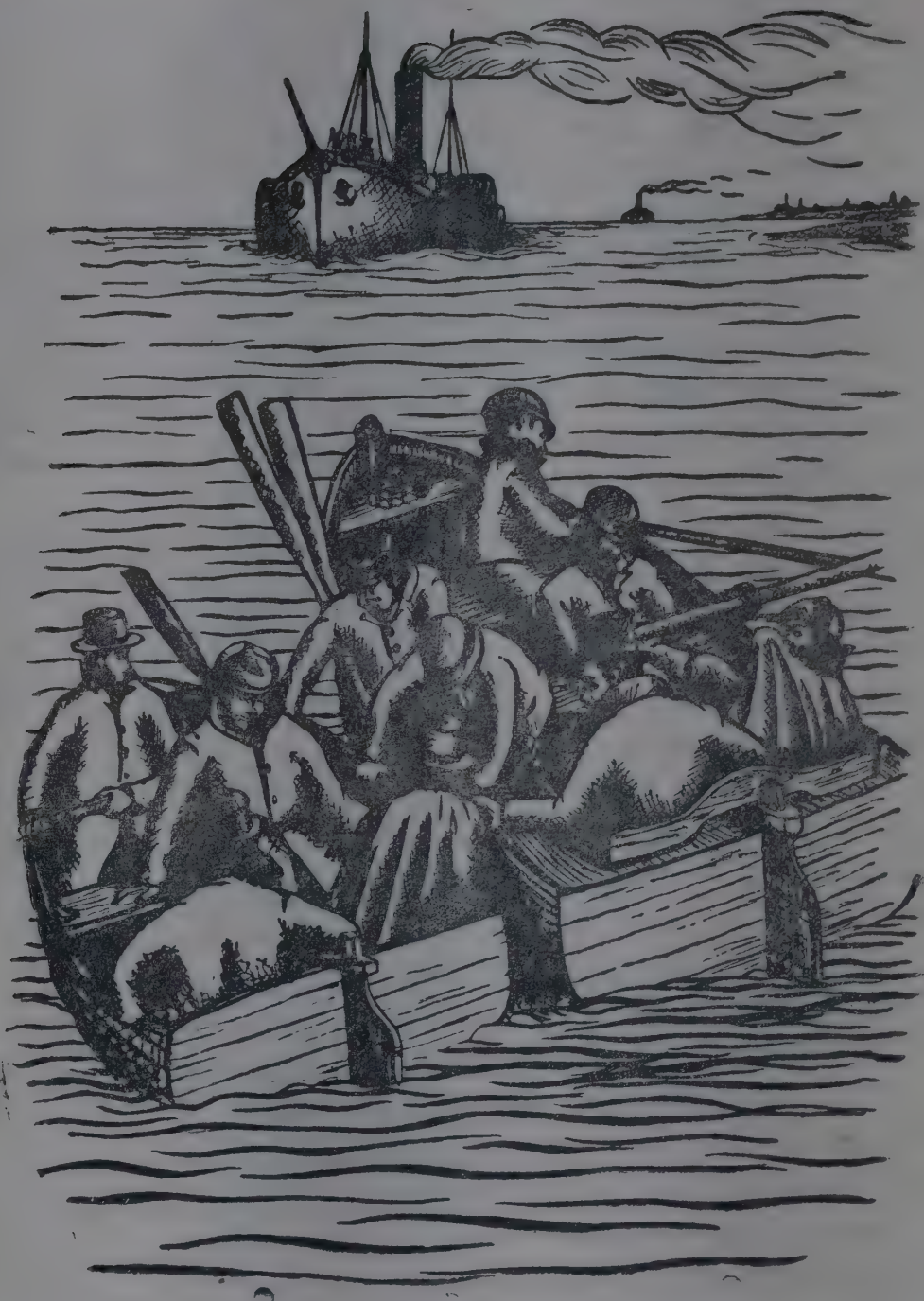
But it was half-past one before we saw her smoke, and soon after, we saw behind it the smoke of another steamer. As they were coming on at full speed, we got our two bags ready, and took that opportunity of saying good-bye to Herbert and Startop. We had all shaken hands, when I saw a four-oared boat shoot out from under the bank, only a little way ahead of us, and row out into the same track. The steamer was now visible to us coming head on. I called to Herbert and Startop to keep our boat in such a

position that the steamer might see us lying waiting for her, and I asked Provis to sit quite still, wrapped in his cloak. He answered cheerily, 'Trust to me, dear boy,' and sat like a statue. Meantime the other boat, which was skilfully handled, had come close. Of the two sitters, one held the rudder-lines, and looked at us attentively—as did all the rowers; the other sitter was wrapped up, much as Provis was, and seemed to shrink and whisper some instruction to the steerer as he looked at us. Not a word was spoken in either boat.

The first steamer, which was bound for Hamburg, was nearing us very fast, and the beating of her paddles grew louder and louder. I felt as if her shadow were absolutely upon us, when suddenly the other boat hailed us. I answered the call.

'You have a returned transport there,' said the man who held the lines, 'That's the man, wrapped in the cloak. His name is Abel Magwitch, otherwise Provis. I arrest that man, and call upon him to surrender, and you to assist.'

At the same moment, they pulled one sudden stroke ahead, got their oars in, ran athwart us, and were holding on to our gunwale, before we knew what they were doing. This caused great confusion on board the steamer, and I heard them calling to us, and heard the order given to stop the paddles, and heard them stop, but felt her driving down upon us irresistibly. At the same moment, I saw the steersman of the boat lay his hand upon the prisoner's shoulder and saw that



MAGWITCH IS ARRESTED

both boats were swinging round with the force of the tide, and saw that people on board the steamer were running forward quite frantically. Still in the same moment, I saw the prisoner start up, lean across his captor, and pull the cloak from the neck of the shrinking man in the other boat. Still in the same moment, I saw that the face disclosed was the face of the other convict of long ago. Still in the same moment, I saw the face till backward with white terror on it that I shall never forget, and heard a great cry on board the steamer and a loud splash in the water, and felt the boat sink from under me.

It was but an instant that I was struggling in the midst of the roaring of water and a thousand flashes of light. That instant past, I was taken on board the police-boat. Herbert was there, Startop was there; but our boat was gone, and the two convicts were gone.

What with the cries aboard the steamer, and the furious blowing off of her steam, and her driving on and our driving on, I could not at first make out sky from water or shore from shore, but the crew of the boat righted her with great speed; and pulling some swift, strong strokes ahead, lay upon their oars, every man looking silently and eagerly at the water astern. Presently a dark object was seen in it, bearing towards us on the tide. No man spoke, but the steersman held up his hand, and they all kept the boat straight and steady. As it came nearer, I saw it was Magwitch swimming, but not swimming freely. He was taken on board and at once chained at the wrists

and ankles.

The boat was once again kept steady, and the silent, eager scrutiny of the water was resumed. It was maintained for a long time, but it was of no use. At length we gave it up and pulled back towards the tavern we had lately left, where we were received with considerable surprise. Here I was able to get some comforts for Magwitch, who had received a very severe injury in the chest and a deep cut in the head.

He told me how he and Compeyson had gone down into the water locked in each other's arms, and that there had been a struggle underwater, and that he had managed to free himself, struck out, and swum away.

We remained at the tavern until the tide turned, and then Magwitch was carried down to the police-boat and put on board. When I took my place by his side, I felt that that was my place as long as he lived.

His breathing became more difficult and painful as the night drew on. I tried to rest him in an easy position on the arm I could use: but it was dreadful to think that I could not be sorry at heart for his being badly hurt, since it was undoubtedly best that he should die. I could not hope that he would be mercifully treated by the law.

As we returned towards the setting sun we had yesterday left behind us, I told him how grieved was to think he had come home for my sake.

'Dear boy,' he answered, 'I'm quite content to take my chance. I've seen my boy and he can be a gentleman without me.'

CHAPTER 27

MAGWITCH was to take his trial at the next Sessions, which would come on in a month. He lay in prison very ill during the whole interval before his trial was due to take place. Being far too ill to remain in the common prison, he was removed, after the first day or so, into the infirmary. This gave me opportunities of being with him that I could not have had otherwise. Although I saw him everyday, it was only for a short time. Each time I saw him, he seemed to get slowly weaker and worse. He was very quiet and gentle in his behaviour and I never heard him complain.

When the Sessions came round, Mr. Jaggers asked for the postponement of his trial until the following Sessions, but this application was refused. The trial came on at once, and when he was brought for judgement, he was seated in a chair, because he was too weak to stand.

The trial was very short and very clear. Such things as could be said for him were said—how he had taken to industrious habits and had got on well. But nothing could unsay the fact that he had returned to England, and was there in the presence of the Judge and Jury. It was impossible to try him for that and not find him guilty. The punishment for his return to the land that had cast him out being death, he must prepare himself to die. When the sentence was passed on him by the Judge, Magwitch rose for a moment from his chair, and said, ‘My Lord, I have received my sentence of death from God, but I bow to yours,’

and sat down again.'

I earnestly hoped and prayed that he might die before the time for his execution, but fearing that he might linger on, I began that night to write out a petition to the Home Secretary, setting forth my knowledge of him, and how it was that he had come back for my sake. When I had finished it, I wrote out other petitions to such men in authority as I hoped were most merciful, and drew up one to the Crown itself.

The daily visits I could make him were shortened now, and he was more strictly guarded. Nobody was hard with him or with me. There was duty to be done, and it was done, but not harshly. I was always told that he was worse.

As the days went on, I noticed more and more that he would lie quietly looking at the ceiling, with no light in his face, until some word of mine brightened it for a moment, and then the light would die away again. Sometimes he was almost, or quite, unable to speak; then he would answer me with slight pressures on my hand, and I grew to understand his meaning very well.

Ten days had passed since his trial when I saw a greatest change in him than I had seen yet. His eyes were turned towards the door, and lighted up as I entered.

'Dear boy, he said, as I sat down by his bed, 'I thought you were late. But I knew you couldn't be that.'

'It's just the time,' I said. 'I waited for it at the gate.'

'You always wait at the gate, don't you, dear

boy?'

'Yes. Not to lose a moment of the time.'

'Thank you, dear boy. Thank you. God bless you? You've never deserted me. And what's the best of all, you've been more comfortable with me since I was under a dark cloud than when the sun shone. That's best of all.'

He lay on his back, breathing with great difficulty.

'Are you in much pain today? I asked.

'I don't complain of any, dear boy.'

'You never do complain.'

The time for my visit ran out, but, looking round, I found the governor of the prison standing near me, and he whispered, 'You needn't go yet.' I thanked him gratefully, and asked, 'Might I speak to him, if he can hear me?'

The governor stepped aside. The movement drew Magwitch's attention, and he looked most affectionately at me.

'Dear Magwitch, I must tell you, now at last. You understand what I say?' A gentle pressure on my hand.

'You had a child once, whom you loved and lost.'

A stronger pressure on my hand.

'She lived and found powerful friends. She is living now. She is a lady and very beautiful. And I love her!'

With a last faint effort he raised my hand to his lips. Then he gently let it sink upon his breast again, with his own hands lying on it. The placid look at the ceiling came back, and he passed away,

and his head dropped quietly on his breast.

CHAPTER 28

NOT long after Magwitch's death I became very ill owing to the long strain and anxiety I had suffered. I was in my rooms in the Temple. I had long drawn out and heavy fever and was delirious. In my delirium I struggled with different people. But somehow I knew that there was a tendency on the part of all these people to look like Joe. After I had passed the worst point of my illness, I began to notice that whatever else changed around me, Joe seemed to be with me and to remain with me. And at last I discovered that this was no dream. It was actually Joe, who had heard of my illness and had come to nurse me in his faithful and devoted way. I grew stronger and stronger under his constant and watchful care.

One night, when I had gone to bed, Joe came into my room, as he had done all through my recovery. He asked me if I felt sure that I was as well as in the morning?

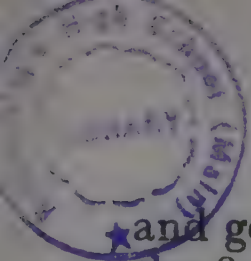
‘Yes, dear Joe, quite.’

‘And you are always getting stronger, old chap?’

‘Yes, Joe, steadily.’

Joe patted the bed cover on my shoulder and said in what I thought was a husky voice, ‘Good night!’

When I got up in the morning, refreshed and stronger yet, I was determined to tell Joe without delay all about the change in my fortunes. I would tell him before breakfast. I would dress at once



★ and go to his room, and surprise him, for it was the first day I had been up early. I went to his room, but he was not there. Not only was he not there, his box was gone.

I hurried then to the breakfast-table and on it found a letter. This is what it said:

‘Not wanting to intrude I have gone away, for you are well again, dear Pip, and you will do better without me.

Joe.

P.S. Ever the best of friends.’

While Magwitch was awaiting his trial, Herbert had told me that he would soon have to leave me to go to Egypt to take over the branch of his firm that was to be opened there. He asked me if I had thought about my own future, knowing as he did of the vanishing of my great expectations. He offered me an appointment in the branch of the business in Cairo and he gave me the warmest of invitations to live with Clara and him after they were married.

‘Clara and I have talked about it again and again,’ he said, ‘and she begged me only this evening to say to you that if you will live with us, she will do her best to make you happy and to convince her husband’s friend that he is her friend too. We should get on so well, Pip!’

I thanked her heartily and I thanked him heartily, but said I could not make sure of joining him as he so kindly offered. Firstly, my mind was then too preoccupied by Magwitch’s affairs to be able to take in the subject clearly. Secondly—Yes Secondly, there was a vague something lingering

in my thoughts. But I did not then mention this 'Secondly' to Herbert.

'But if you thought, Herbert, that you could, without doing any harm to your business, leave the question open for a little while—.'

'For any while,' cried Herbert. 'Six months, a year!'

'Not as long as that,' said I. 'Two or three months at most.'

Herbert was highly delighted when we shook hands on this arrangement. On the Saturday in that same week we said good-bye. Clara and he could not get married as long as her father still needed her. So Herbert had to set off by himself.

And now that Joe had left me in this unexpected fashion, feeling sure that I was well enough to do without him and not wishing to be in the way, what remained for me to do but to follow him to the dear old forge, there to tell him all that was in my heart, including that Secondly that I have mentioned, which had begun as a vague something in my thoughts, but had now formed into a settled purpose?

The purpose was that I should go to Biddy, that I should show her how humble and sorry I was, now that I had come back to her. I would tell her how I had lost all I had once hoped for. I would say to her, 'Biddy, I think you once liked me. If you can like me only half as well once more, if you can take me with all my faults and disappointments, I hope I am a little worthier of you than I was—not much, but a little. And, Biddy, you

shall say whether I am to work at the forge with Joe, or whether I shall try for any different work down in this part of the country, or whether we shall go away to a distant place where an opportunity awaits me, which I set aside when it was offered, until I knew your answer. And now, dear Biddy, if you can tell me that we shall go through the world together, you will certainly make it a better world for me, and me a better man for it, and I will try hard to make it better world for you.'

Such was my purpose. After three days more of improvement in my health, I went down to the old place, to carry out my purpose. And how I succeeded in it is all I have left to tell.

I spent the night at the Blue Boar, where I had stayed from time to time while enjoying the fruits of my great expectations. But I found that the news of my fall from fortune had gone ahead of me, and I found the treatment given to me was in accordance with that fall. The room given to me was very inferior to the room that I used to enjoy, but my sleep was not less sound that night.

Early in the morning I strolled round to Satis House. It was a changed place. There was no Miss Havisham. She had died of the injuries she had received. There were printed bills up announcing a sale by auction of the household furniture and effects next week. The House itself was to be sold as old building materials and pulled down.

After breakfast, I set out along the familiar road in the direction of Joe's forge. I went towards Joe and Biddy slowly, for my limbs were weak, but

with a sense of increasing relief as I drew nearer to them, and a sense of leaving pride and untruthfulness further and further behind.

The June weather was delicious. The sky was blue and the larks were soaring over the green corn. I thought all that countryside more beautiful and peaceful by far than I had ever known it to be yet. Many pleasant pictures of the life that I would lead there, and of the change for the better that would take place, when Biddy was my companion for life, passed through my mind. I felt like one who was toiling home barefoot from distant travel, and whose wanderings had lasted many years.

As I approached the forge, I listened for the clink of Joe's hammer. But all was still. Almost fearing, without knowing why, to come in view of the forge, I saw it at last, and saw that it was closed. No gleam of fire, no glittering shower of sparks, no roar of bellows; all shut up and still. But the house was not deserted, and the best parlour seemed to be in use, for there were white curtains fluttering in the window, and the window was open and gay with flowers. I went softly towards it, meaning to peep over the flowers, when I saw Joe and Biddy, standing before me, arm in arm.

At first Biddy gave a cry, as if she thought it was my ghost, but in another moment she was in my arms.

‘But, dear Biddy, how smart you are!’

‘Yes, dear Pip.’

‘And Joe, how smart you are!’

‘Yes, dear old Pip, old chap.’

I looked at both of them, from one to the other, and then—.

‘It’s my wedding-day,’ cried Biddy in a burst of happiness, ‘and I am married to Joe.’

They were both so overjoyed to see me, so proud to see me, so touched by my coming to see them, so delighted that I should have come thus unexpectedly to make their day complete!

My first thought was one of great thankfulness that I had never breathed this last baffled hope to Joe. How often, while he was with me in my illness, it had risen to my lips!

My heart was full of gratitude to them for all that they had meant to me and for all they had done for me. I tried to express this gratitude but very inadequately.

I went up to my little old room and spent a few minutes there by myself. They were minutes filled with many memories. I had a meal with my two dear friends and then we said good-bye and parted.

Within a month from the day of Joe’s and Biddy’s wedding I had left England and gone out to join Herbert. Within two months, I was a clerk in the business house in Egypt of which he was the manager. Within four months, I took over my first sole responsibility. For news had come that Clara’s old invalid father had died, and Herbert had returned to England to marry Clara, and I was left in sole charge of the firm till his return.

Years passed before I became a partner in the firm, but I lived happily with Herbert and his wife, and lived carefully, and paid my debts, and

kept up a regular correspondence with Biddy and Joe.

For eleven years I had not seen Joe and Biddy with my bodily eyes—though they had both been often before my fancy—when, upon an evening in December, an hour or two after dark, I softly laid my hand on the latch of the old kitchen door. I touched it so softly that I was not heard and I looked in unseen. There, smoking his pipe in the old place by the kitchen firelight, as hale and as strong as ever, though a little grey, sat Joe; and there, fenced into the corner with Joe's leg, and sitting on my own little stool looking at the fire was—myself again!

'We gave him the name of Pip for your sake, dear old chap,' said Joe, delighted when I took another stool by the child's side, 'and we hoped he might grow a little bit like you, and we think he does.'

I thought so too, and I took him out for a walk next morning, and we talked very happily, understanding one another perfectly. And I took him down to the churchyard, and set him on a certain tombstone there, and he showed me from his perch which stone was sacred to the memory of Phillip Pirriplate of this parish, my father, and also Georgiana, wife of the above, my mother.

'Biddy,' said I when I talked with her after dinner, as her little girl lay sleeping in her lap, 'you must give Pip to me one of these days, or lend him at any rate.'

'No, no,' said Biddy gently, 'You must marry
'So Herbert and Clara say but I don't think

shall, Biddy. I have so settled down in their home that it's not at all likely. I am already quite an old bachelor.'

Biddy looked down at her child, and then she put her kind motherly hand into mine.

'Dear Pip,' said Biddy, 'you are sure you don't fret for her?'

'O no, I think not, Biddy.'

'Tell me as an old friend. Have you quite forgotten her?'

'My dear Biddy, I have forgotten nothing in my life that ever had a foremost place there, and little that ever had any place there. But that poor dream, as I once used to call it, has all gone by, Biddy, all gone by!'

Yet, I knew, while I said these words, that I secretly meant to revisit the site of the old house that evening, alone, for her sake. Yes, for Estella's sake.

I had heard of her as leading a most unhappy life, and as being separated from her husband who had used her with a great cruelty. And I had heard of the death of her husband from an accident, the result of his ill-treatment of a horse. This release had happened to her some two years before; for anything I knew, she was married again.

That evening, when I got to where Satis House had once stood, the dark was falling. There was no house now, no building whatever left, nothing but the wall of the old garden. The cleared space had been enclosed with a rough fence. A gate in the fence was standing ajar. I pushed it open, and

went in.

A cold silvery mist had veiled the afternoon, and the moon was not yet up to scatter it. But the stars were shining beyond the mist, and the moon was coming, and the evening was not dark. I could trace out where every part of the old house had been. I was looking along the desolate garden-path, when I saw a solitary figure in it.

The figure showed that it had seen me as I went forward. It had been moving towards me, but it stood still. As I drew nearer, I saw it was the figure of a woman. As I drew nearer yet, it was about to turn away, when it stopped and let me come up with it. Then, it hesitated, as if much surprised, and uttered my name, and I cried out: 'Estella!'

'I am greatly changed. I wonder you know me.'

The freshness of her beauty was indeed gone, but its dignity and charm remained. Those qualities in it I had seen before. What I had never seen before was the saddened and softened light of the once proud eyes. What I had never felt before was the friendly touch of the once unfeeling hand.

We sat down on a bench that was near, and I said, 'After so many years, it is strange that we should meet again like this, Estella, here where our first meet was. Do you often come back?'

'I have never been here since.'

'Nor I.'

Estella was the next to break the silence that fell between us.

'Were you wondering as you walked along, how it came to be left in this condition?'

‘Yes, Estella.’

‘The ground belongs to me. It is the only possession I have not given up. Everything else has gone from me, little by little, but I have kept this.’

‘Is it to be built on?’

‘At last it is. I came here to take leave of it before its change. And you,’ she said in a voice warm with interest, ‘you live abroad still?’

‘Still.’

‘I have often thought of you,’ said Estella.

‘Have you?’

‘Lately, very often.’

‘You have always held a place in my heart,’ I answered.

And we were silent again until she spoke.

‘I little thought,’ said Estella, ‘that I should take leave of you in taking leave of this spot. I am very glad that it should be here.’

‘Glad to part again, Estella? To me parting is a painful thing. To me the memory of our last parting has always been mournful and painful.’

‘But you said to me,’ returned Estella very earnestly, “God bless you, God forgive you.” And if you could say that to me then, you will not hesitate to say that to me now. Be as kind and good to me as you were, and tell me we are friends.’

‘We are friends,’ said I, rising and bending over her, as she rose from the bench.

‘And will continue friends even when we are separated,’ said Estella.

I took her hand in mine, and we went out of

the ruined place; and as the morning mists had risen long ago when I first left the forge, so the evening mists were rising now, and in all the broad expanse of tranquil light they showed to me, I saw no shadow of another parting from her.

NOTES

Phrases and Idioms are given at the end. Refer to a good dictionary, find out their meanings and write them in sentences of your own.

CHAPTER 1

the marsh country : low-lying wet land.

desolate : lonely and ruined.

tilted : shook violently.

ravenously : greedily.

victuals : (pronounce : *vilts*) articles of food and drink ; provisions.

file : metal tool for cutting or smoothing hard substance.

that old 'Battery' : the old place where soldiers used to stay with their guns and vehicles.

Idioms and Phrases :—

to bring up ; to come to oneself.

Comprehension :—

1. Were Pip's parents alive?
2. With whom did Pip live and where?
3. Why did Pip go to the Church and when?
4. How is the stranger described? What did the stranger demand from Pip and why?
5. Describe Pip's first meeting with the convict.

CHAPTER 2

by hand : paying personal attention ; literally, using hands to beat the boy.

apprentice : one learning a trade.

forge : blacksmith's workshop.

rampaged out : rushed about in rage.

whimpered : moaned.

drat ! (Exclamatory) : 'Curse.'

Ask no questions and you'll be told no lies : a proverb.

sulks : fits or moods of irritation ; vexed moods.

The Hulks : old ships used as a prison for criminals.

Tickler : name of the cane.

pantry : store-room in a house.

pork pie : baked meat.

to badger : to worry ; tease.

Idioms and Phrases :—

to make a great name for oneself.

to be on the rampage.

to badger one's life out.

Comprehension :—

1. Is Tickler the name of a dog or Pip's friend or the cane?
2. Why did not Pip take his meal?
3. What made Pip feel guilty?
4. What do the Hulks mean? When are the guns fired?

CHAPTER 3

devoured : swallowed greedily.

deceiving imp : cheating, mischievous boy.

filing at his iron : cutting his iron chain with the file.

to say grace : short prayer of thanks before meal.

reproachful : voice showing rebuke.

savoury : tasteful.

sleet : snow-fall and rain.

stified : stilled.

panting : breathing heavily.

ferry : small boat to cross the river.

Idioms and Phrases :—

to stare at ; to set out (with) ; before long ; on
account of.

Comprehension :—

1. Describe Uncle Pumblechook.
2. Why did the soldiers come to Joe's house?
3. Did the convicts like each other?

4. "God knows, You're welcome to it," replied Joe gently. What do you understand of Joe from this reply?
5. How were the convicts captured?

CHAPTER 4

trap : light two-wheeled vehicle pulled by a horse or pony.

grim : serious looking.

dismal : sad and gloomy.

barricaded : defended by rows of trees as fence.

seclusion : condition of being separated and lonely.

crestfallen : humbly.

weird : strange, mysterious.

diversion : entertainment—amusement.

sullen : in low spirits.

disdain : contempt.

"beggar my neighbour" : a card game going on till one gains all the cards.

infectious : catching all like a disease.

insolently : discourteously.

brooding : thinking within oneself.

Idioms and Phrases :—

for the life of one ; why on earth ; set out for ; to
indulge one's thoughts.

Comprehension :—

1. Why did Mrs. Joe send Pip to Satis House?
2. What was Miss Havisham's "sick fancy"?
3. What game did Pip usually play with his friends?
4. Why did Estella treat Pip with contempt?
5. How far was Satis House from Joe's forge?
6. Describe Miss Havisham and surroundings.

CHAPTER 5

prowling about : go about looking around (like animals).

Idioms and Phrases :—

to make out ; under a spell ; the more...the harder.

Comprehension :—

1. What were the ladies and gentlemen gathered in Satis House hoping for?
2. Describe in a para Pip's second meeting with Miss Havisham.
3. Describe Pip's fight with another boy in Satis House.

CHAPTER 6

guinea : a gold coin worth 21 shillings.

premium : fee paid for instruction and training.

malicious : wicked ; showing ill will.

Idioms and Phrases :—

with a great show of ; by the bye.

Comprehension :—

1. What did Miss Havisham whisper into Estella's ears? What do you understand from her words?
2. Why was Mrs. Joe Gargery angry when Joe was invited to Satis House?
3. Show how Miss Havisham got Pip apprenticed to Joe Gargery.
4. Why was Pip ashamed of his surroundings?
5. What information did Miss Havisham give of Estella?
6. What do you know of Sara Pocket and Orlick?
7. Describe in a para what Pip saw in his house when he returned home with Orlick and Wopsle.

CHAPTER 7

temper : nature.

with a sorrowful air : with a sad look or appearance.

Comprehension :—

1. How did Mrs. Gargery improve in her temper?
2. What was Miss Havisham's birthday gift to Pip?
3. Who was Biddy and what was her work in Joe's house?
4. What made Pip long for being "a gentleman?"

CHAPTER 8

gasped : breathed with difficulty.

liberal : kind and generous.

benefactor : person who has given help.

dumbfounded : struck speechless.

"no half measures with me" : I always believe in doing things thoroughly.

Idioms and Phrases :

at one's leisure ; prefer to ; the sooner...the better.

Comprehension :—

1. Where did Pip first meet the London lawyer?
2. What did Mr. Jaggers offer to Pip?
3. Explain how Pip came to know of his great expectations. What were the conditions of the offer?
4. How did Joe react to the lawyer's offer of compensation. What does it show of Joe's character?
5. Are Joe and Biddy happy about Pip becoming a gentleman of fortune?

CHAPTER 9

fervent : enthusiastic.

Idioms and Phrases :—

to the skies.

Comprehension :—

1. Why did Pumblechook take the credit for Pip's fortune?
2. Was Pip extremely happy about his new outfit?
3. Was Miss Havisham sincere in complimenting Pip on his good fortune?
4. Describe how Pip took leave of his people in the village.
5. What was Pip's guess regarding his benefactor?

CHAPTER 10

hackney-coach : hired coach drawn by horse.

grit : dust.

St. Paul's : A famous Cathedral in London.

Newgate prison : well known London prison until 1902.

hangers on : dependents ; flatterers.

Idioms and Phrases :—

to leave word for one.

Comprehension .—

1. Did Wemmick speak of London as a desirable place to live in ?
2. Who was Wemmick and how did Pip describe him ?
3. Why were both Pip and Pocket Junior surprised on recognising each other ?
4. Write a short paragraph on Barnard's inn.

CHAPTER 11

capricious : wilful and changing in behaviour.

brewer : person who manufactures beer, wine.

match : one eligible for marriage.

conspiracy : secret plan or plot.

Idioms and Phrases :—

to take a fancy for me ; to hold one's own ; in earnest ;
to be quite at home.

Comprehension :—

1. Why did Miss Havisham bring up Estella ?
2. Write a note of Pip's impression of Mr. Herbert Pocket.
3. Write a paragraph on Miss Havisham's story as narrated by Mr. Herbert Pocket.
4. What did Wemmick say about Mr. Jaggers' house-keeper ?

CHAPTER 12

sulky : bad-tempered.

niggardly : miserly.

indulgent : excessively kind.

accost : address,

blotchy : irregularly shaped—with moles and other marks

sprawly : legs and arms spread out.

reticent: silent and reserved.

sinews: muscles.

decanters: vessel for keeping wine:

Idioms and Phrases :—

put off; at one's expense.

Comprehension :—

1. Who are Drummle and Startop? How are they contrasted?
2. Describe Jaggers' house-keeper.
3. Why did Jaggers show her wrist to the assembled guests?
4. How did Drummle behave after the dinner?

CHAPTER 13

reverberating: echoing.

Idioms and Phrases :—

to make up one's mind; to be at a loss.

Comprehension :—

1. Where did Pip choose to live when he wanted to call on Miss Havisham and why?
2. What were Pip's great expectations now when he went to meet Havisham? What do they reveal of his character?
3. What did Havisham wish Pip to do? Was she sincere in her wish?
4. What were Joe's feelings towards Estella?

CHAPTER 14

Purser: Officer in charge of a ship's accounts and stores.

invalid: disabled person.

Idioms and Phrases :—

to raise oneself in life; to be endowed with to be sure of one's ground; a strong point; to realize capital.

Comprehension:—

1. Write a note on Pip's confession of love for Estella. Did he hope to succeed?
2. To whom was Herbert Pocket engaged?
3. How did Herbert describe Clara's father?
4. Was Herbert hopeful of Pip's great future?
5. When did Herbert intend to marry?

CHAPTER 15

staid : quiet and serious looking.

Idioms and Phrases :

to throw one into a great flutter ; to be content with ;
at long long last.

Comprehension:—

1. Where was Estella bound for? With whom did she stay?
2. Describe the last moments of Mrs. Joe Gargery.
3. How did Joe endure the loss of Mrs. Gargery?
4. What did Biddy tell Pip after the funeral and what was the impact of her words on Pip?

CHAPTER 16

lavish : giving or spending liberally.
auspicious : favourable ; prosperous.
reluctantly : unwillingly.
triumphantly : victoriously.
flutter : state of excitement.
cease : come to an end.

Idioms and Phrases :—

run into debt ; take things in hand ; per annum.

Comprehension :

1. What kind of life was Pip living in Barnard's inn?
2. Why was Pip eagerly looking forward to his twenty-first birthday?

3. What did he get from Mr. Jaggers on his twenty-first birthday? What were the conditions of the offer?
4. What was Jaggers' advice to Pip?
5. Was Pip able to know the source of his great expectations?
6. How did Jaggers act as an agent of the unknown benefactor?

CHAPTER 17

tease : make fun of unkindly.

opera : dramatic composition with music.

concert : musical entertainment given in a public hall.

revenge : deliberate return of injury on a person from whom injury has been received.

haunt : appear repeatedly in a place.

ball : social gathering for dancing.

ungainly : clumsy; awkward.

boor : rough, ill-mannered person.

hover : remain near.

entrap : catch in.

Idioms and Phrases :—

harp on; hang upon; pry into; hover about.

Comprehension :—

1. With whom did Estella live in London?
2. Did she have many admirers? What was her attitude towards them?
3. How did Pip feel in her company? What was he harping on?
4. What did Miss Havisham ask Pip during his visit to Satis House with Estella?
5. What was Miss Havisham's plan in bringing up Estella?
6. What did Pip see at night when he was in the long stone passage?
7. What was the relationship between Estella and Drummle?
8. Did Estella try to deceive and entrap men? If so why

CHAPTER 18

enlighten : give more knowledge to.

dismal : sad and miserable.

gust : sudden rush of wind.

browened : made brown.

exposure : state of being uncovered.

dizziness : feeling as if everything were turning round.

choking : being unable to breathe.

tossed : moved restlessly from side to side or up and down.

Idioms and Phrases :—

taste for ; shrink back ; storm-beaten ; hold out both one's hands ; to set one's mind on.

Comprehension :—

1. Was there any improvement in Herbert's prospects ?
If so how ?
2. Who was the stranger who visited him late at night ?
3. Describe the encounter between Pip and his mysterious benefactor.
4. What was Pip's reaction when he learnt who his benefactor was ?
5. Bring out the affection the old convict had for Pip.
6. How did the convict make his living ?
7. What was it that Pip's benefactor had risked in coming to see him in London ?
8. Was Pip unhappy to have deserted Joe when he came to know the truth of his position ?
9. What were Pip's feelings when all his hopes had gone to pieces ?
10. What did the convict want Pip to be ?

CHAPTER 19

christened : named.

ravenously : hungrily and greedily.

frenzy : violent excitement.

conspicuous : clearly seen.

slumber : sleep.

staggered : stood unsteadily.

Idioms and Phrases :

come for good ; tell tales.

Comprehension :—

1. What was the name assumed by the strange visitor?
What was his real name? What was his profession?
2. How did Magwitch come to know Mr. Jaggers?
3. Did Magwitch want to go back?
4. What was Pip's plan to keep his visitor out of danger?
5. How was Herbert received when he returned to the Temple?

CHAPTER 20

concern : anxiety.

stunned : shocked ; bewildered.

lavish : spend generously.

staving off : keeping off ; delaying.

point-blank : plainly.

tramping : journeying on foot and doing no regular work.

swindling : cheating (person) out of money.

shroud : garment for the dead.

drivel : talk nonsense.

riddance : clearing away.

felony : murder.

Idioms and Phrases :—

cut the ground from under one's feet ; stave off ; point-blank ; good riddance.

Comprehension :—

1. How did Pip and Herbert feel when Provis had left for his lodging?
2. What happened to Pip's great expectations?
3. Why should Pip hesitate to refuse to accept gifts from Provis?
4. Was he convinced of the convict's attachment to him?
5. What was the first and the main thing to be done by Pip?
6. What should Pip ask Provis point-blank?

7. 'In jail and out of jail'—What do these words signify?
8. Write a paragraph on the early life of Magwitch.
9. How did Magwitch become Compeyson's man and partner?
10. Sketch the character of Compeyson (in five or six sentences).
11. Narrate the circumstances that led to Arthur's pitiable death.
12. How did Compeyson treat Arthur when he was in his sick bed and frenzy of fear?
13. Why was Magwitch given a longer sentence of 14 years though Compeyson and he were arrested together for felony?
14. What were the circumstances that led to the punishment of transportation for life for Magwitch?
15. Who was Arthur? What role did Compeyson profess and pretend to play?

CHAPTER 21

resolved: decided.

surly: bad-tempered and unfriendly.

emphasis: importance given to a thing.

agony: great pain or suffering of mind or body.

Idioms and Phrases:—

make up one's mind ; get a person out of one's thoughts

Comprehension:—

1. Who was the other visitor at the Blue Boar and why did Pip hate his company?
2. What favour did Pip ask of Miss Havisham? Was he successful in securing the future of his friend?
3. Why did he want to help his friend secretly?
4. Describe Pip's agony when he was told Estella was going to be married to Drummle?
5. 'There was such a ghastly look upon Miss Havisham's face.' Why was it there?
6. How did Pip convey his deep love for Estella?
7. What was the note sent by Wemmick to Pip?

CHAPTER 22

dreary: dull.

existence: state of living.

ensconced: placed comfortably.

alarm: fear caused by the expectation of danger.

desperate: regardless of danger.

blind: window screen.

clasp: grasp.

expedition: a voyage for definite purpose.

Comprehension :—

1. What did Pip find out from Wemmick in the morning?
2. To which place was Provis shifted for better safety?
3. Who was Clara?
4. What advice did Pip give Provis regarding the latter's safety?
5. What was the very good suggestion made by Herbert?
6. Why did Pip and Herbert practise rowing?
7. Who was the go-between between Pip and Provis?

CHAPTER 23

curious: eager to know.

memorable: fit to be remembered.

mysterious: difficult to understand the origin.

tamed: made gentle.

acquitted: discharged from offence.

trembling: shaking in fear.

orphan: a child without parents.

shrieking: screaming.

mishap: unlucky accident.

adopt: take into one's family as a son or daughter.

Idioms and Phrases :—

the long and the short of; go no further; be one too many for.

Comprehension :—

1. While at dinner, what did Mr. Jaggers say to Pip?
2. Whom did Jaggers' mysterious house-keeper resemble?

3. Who was the mysterious house-keeper?
4. Narrate in a paragraph the story of Mr. Jaggers' house-keeper.
5. Is there anything human in the heart of Miss Havisham? If so, illustrate your answer.
6. How did Miss Havisham help Herbert?
7. Why did Miss Havisham ask for Pip's forgiveness?
8. How did she apologise to Pip?
9. 'I stole her heart away and put ice in its place'—Who did this and why?
10. Who brought Estella to Satis House and under what circumstances?
11. Did Pip succeed in his interview with Miss Havisham?
12. Describe the fire accident in which Miss Havisham received serious injuries.
13. What were the parting words of Miss Havisham when Pip took leave of her and started to London?

CHAPTER 24

sling : string used to support hanging weight.

dozed : slept.

barn : storehouse for grain.

strangled : kill by stopping the breath.

scoundrel : rogue, villain.

vaguely : not clearly.

Comprehension :

1. How was Pip affected in the fire accident?
2. Who attended on him as a devoted nurse?
3. How did he receive Pip of his mental suffering?
4. What did Herbert know from Provis about the dark part of his life and his relationship with a revengeful woman?
5. Write what you know of Estella's parentage from this chapter.
6. Why did Provis leave both the child and its mother?
7. 'I know I am quite myself. And the man we have in hiding down the river is Estella's father'—How did Pip come to this conclusion?

CHAPTER 25

involved : entangled.

get wind of : begin to suspect.

chopper : a heavy tool for cutting.

compensation : something given to make up for a loss.

glowing : bright.

steamer : vessel run by steam.

ebb-tide : the tide that flows back from the land to the sea.

Idioms and phrases :—

get the wind of; come one's way; look forward to;
by no means.

Comprehension :—

1. Why did Pip meet Mr. Jaggers? What were his two purposes?
2. Was Pip able to get any definite information from Mr. Jaggers regarding Estella's parentage?
3. What did the lawyer say about the father, mother and child?
4. Why did he not want to reveal the secret, though he knew it well?
5. What was the only good thing Pip had done after he was told of his great expectations?
6. What picture would Herbert draw of his own future and how did it delight Pip?
7. Who was chosen as the second rower in the place of Pip?
8. What were the secret plans of Pip and Herbert to get Provis out of the country?

CHAPTER 26

din : continued confused noise.

composed : calm.

horizon : line at which earth and sky appear to meet.

preserved : kept on steadily.

shrink : move back in shame.

transport : send a criminal out of the country as a punishment.

wrapped : covered.

gunwale : upper edge of the side of a boat.

frantic : wildly excited.

swinging : moving to and fro.

captor : one who takes a prisoner.

splash : fly about and fall in drops.

astern : behind.

grieved : felt sad.

Idioms and Phrases :—

under lock and key ; haul up ; call upon ; between four walls.

Comprehension :—

1. Describe the boating trip Pip and his friends made to take Provis out of England.
2. Where did they stay for the night ? What news made them uneasy ?
3. Which was following their boat ?
4. What happened to their boat when they were about to board the first steamer ?
4. Describe the struggle that went on between the two convicts.
6. How was Magwitch arrested by the police ?
7. With whom did he fight under water ? How was he injured severely ?
8. How did Magwitch feel after he was captured.
9. Was there a change in Pip's feelings for Magwitch ?

CHAPTER 27

infirmary : hospital.

linger on : stay about.

placid : calm and smooth.

faint : weak.

Idioms and Phrases :—

under a dark cloud ; pass away ; for a moment.

Comprehension :—

1. Why was Magwitch removed to the infirmary?
2. What was the verdict passed on him and how did he receive it?
3. What efforts did Pip take to save Magwitch from death?
4. Describe the last days of Magwitch.
5. What did Pip tell the dying Magwitch? Why did he say that?

CHAPTER 28

delirious : wildly excited by mental disturbance.

intrude : force oneself upon some body.

household effects : household goods.

gleam : light seen at intervals.

baffled : prevented from doing something.

invalid : disabled sick person.

veiled : covered.

desolate : barren, unfit to live in.

tranquil : calm.

Idioms and Phrases :

Owing to ; do better without ; to carry out ; pass through ; lay one's hand on ; give up ; take leave of.

Comprehension :—

1. Who came to nurse Pip when he was ill?
2. What did Pip determine to tell Joe after his recovery?
3. What was the note Joe left behind when he left London for his home?
4. What offer did Herbert make to his friend? Was this offer accepted?
5. How did Pip feel when Herbert had gone abroad and he was left alone to look after himself?
6. What was his purpose in going back to Joe's forge?
7. How did he plan to make his proposal to Biddy?
8. How was Pip received at the Blue Boar at the fall of his fortunes?

9. How did Miss Havisham die ?
10. Mention the many pleasant pictures of life Pip hoped to have in the company of Biddy.
11. What did he see at Joe's forge ?
12. 'It is my wedding day. And I am married to Joe.'
Who said this and to whom ?
13. What was Pip's reaction to the above statement ?
14. How was Pip's life abroad ?
15. Whom did he meet when he came back to England after eleven years ?
16. Was there another Pip ? Who was that ?
17. What was Pip's reply when Biddy said he must marry ?
18. Why did he long to revisit the site of the old Satis House ?
19. What kind of life was Estella leading then ?
20. Did Estella think of Pip often ?
21. Write a note on the new relationship between Pip and Estella.

Are the following statements true ? Give reasons for your answer

1. Pip must not have left Joe's forge to become a gentleman.
2. Pip is right in having great expectations of becoming a gentleman.
3. Miss Havisham is just in taking revenge on menfolk.
4. Pip is justified in helping Magwitch to escape.
5. Had Pip known his unknown benefactor he would not have left Joe's forge.
6. If Joe had remained a little longer with Pip in London, he would not have married Biddy.
7. The title 'Great Expectations' is quite appropriate.

ACC. No. 1842
CLASS No.
Date 11.8.81



TOPICS FOR ESSAYS

1. The country in which Pip lived as a boy.
 2. Pip's first meeting with Magwitch.
 3. The difference between Joe Gargery and his wife.
 4. Pip's feeling at the Christmas dinner after his meeting with Magwitch.
 5. The hunt for the two convicts and their capture.
 6. How Pip came to pay his first visit to Satis House.
 7. Miss Havisham and her surroundings.
 8. Estella's treatment of Pip when they first met.
 9. The effect upon Pip of his getting to know Miss Havisham and Estella.
 10. How Pip first heard of his Great Expectations.
 11. Pip leaves home for the first time.
 12. The Pocket household.
 13. Mr. Jaggers's mysterious housekeeper.
 14. Estella and Pip in London.
 15. The friendship between Pip and Herbert Pocket.
 16. The end Pip's Great Expectations.
 17. The story of Compeyson.
 18. The relationship between Miss Havisham and Estella.
 19. How Pip secretly helped his friend Herbert.
 20. The character of Mr. Jaggers.
 21. Estella's parentage.
 22. The change in Pip's feelings for Magwitch.
 23. Miss Havisham's tragic end.
 24. Biddy's part in the story.
 25. Magwitch meets Compeyson for the last time.
 26. The happiness of Joe and Biddy.
 27. Pip and Estella meet in a new way.
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Mrs. Joe Gargery - blacksmith

MR Wopple - the clerk at church

MR. + Mrs. Hubble

meek Pumblechook. (Joe's uncle)

MR. Wopple's great aunt - Edith

Biddy was MR Wopple's great-grand daughter.

Camilla

Cousin Raymond. (Barnard's)

Sarah Pocket.

MR Matthew Pocket

MR Jagger - a lawyer

Wemmick - a clerk in MR. D's office.

Herbert Pocket

Matthew Pocket (father)

Mrs. Harshaw's Cousin